

HISTORY of ENGLAND



IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

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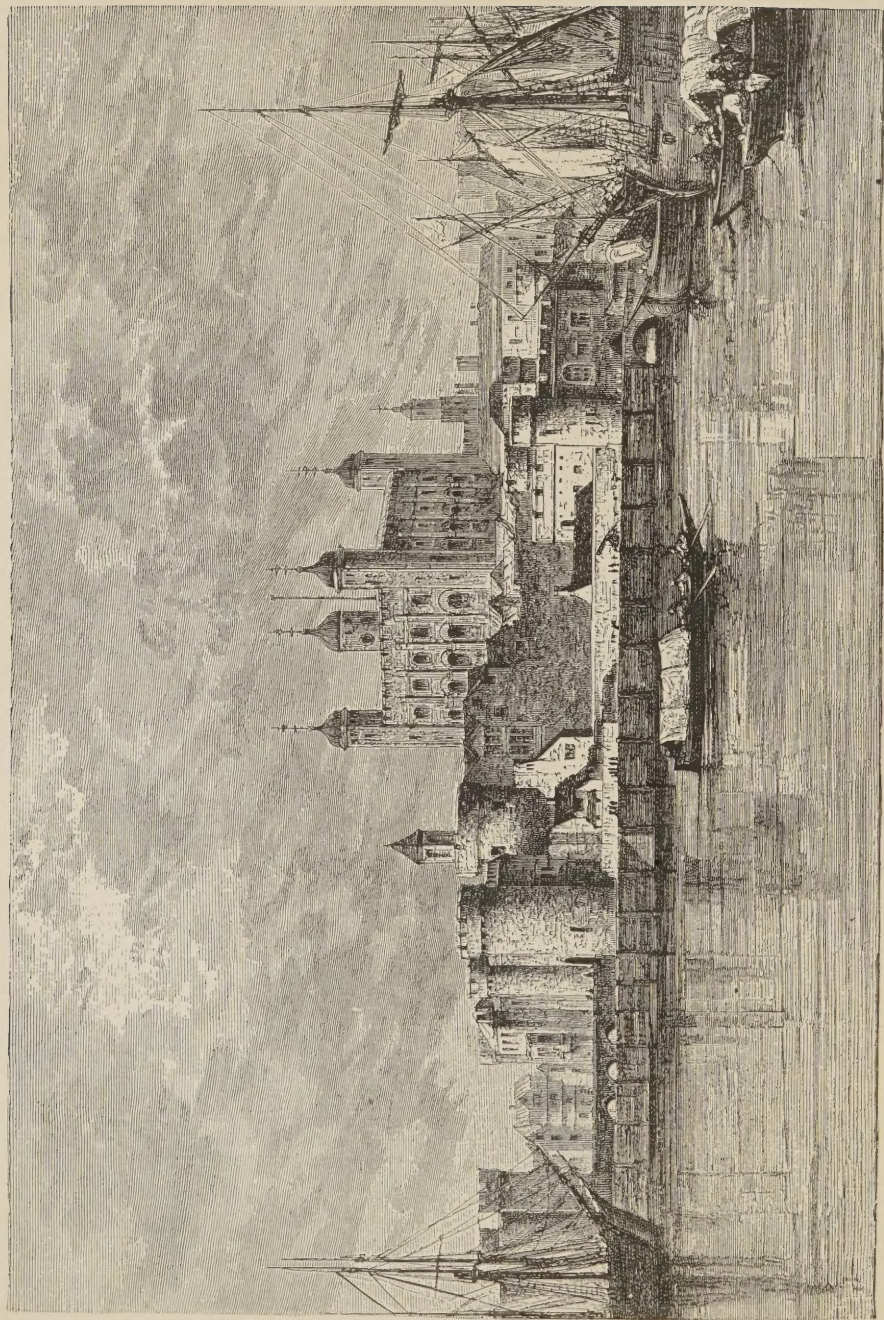


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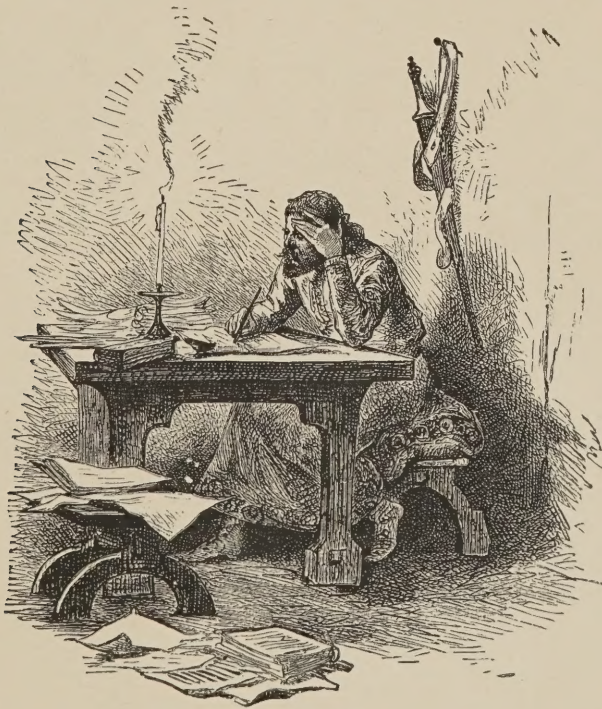
HISTORY OF ENGLAND

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

BY

MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE."



ILLUSTRATED.

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IN UNIFORM STYLE,
Words of One Syllable.

ILLUSTRATED.

*HISTORY OF UNITED STATES,
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
HISTORY OF FRANCE,
HISTORY OF GERMANY,
HISTORY OF IRELAND,
HISTORY OF RUSSIA,
HISTORY OF JAPAN,
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF
THE UNITED STATES.*

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WEST-MIN-STER AB-BEY, LON-DON.



IN-VAS-ION OF BRIT-AIN BY JU-LI-US CÆ-SAR.

History of England.

CHAPTER I.

EN-GLAND IN THE OLD TIMES.

IF you will look on the map of the world you will find far up at the left of the west half of it two isles that lie in the sea. The large isle is known now as En-land and Scot-land; the small one is Ire-land. In the old times these isles lay there as they do now, with the wild sea round them. The men who had their homes there knew naught of the rest of the world and none knew of them. The storms of years beat on the high white cliffs, and the wild beasts had their lairs in the woods, and the birds built in trees or reeds with no one to fright them. A large part of the land was in woods and swamps. There were no roads, no streets, not a bridge or a house to be seen. The homes of these wild tribes were mere huts with roofs of straw. They hid them in thick woods, and made a ditch round them and a low wall of mud or the trunks of trees. They ate the flesh of their flocks for food, for they did not know how to raise corn or wheat. They knew how to weave

the reeds that grew in their swamps, and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and a rude sort of ware out of the clay of the earth. From their rush work they made boats, and put the skins of beasts on them to make them tight and strong. They had swords made from tin and a red ore. But these swords were of a queer shape and so soft that they could be bent with a hard blow. They had shields and spears. These spears they could jerk back by a long strip of the skin of some beast when they had thrown them at the foe. On the butt end of their spears was a thing that made a noise to scare the steeds of their foes. A group of their huts made a town. Their beds were made of skins of wild beasts, spread on dry grass or leaves. Bowls of wood held their meat, and they drank out of cups of wood or from the rude bowls of earth, such as are shown to this day, or from cows' horns. In the cold months these men wore the skins of wild beasts for warmth. In the warm days they put on a coat of paint for clothes, which must have been cool and light. They were fond of a fine blue that they made from a plant known as woad which grew in their woods. When clad in a suit of this none could say that their clothes did not fit them. Their food was beef and deer, hares and wild birds, and all that they could hunt or shoot. They had

milk to drink, and knew how to make cheese. They were brave in war, and all cut up in small tribes, each of which had a king.

Of course they knew how to fight, as all wild tribes do. They were fond of the horse and knew how to break him in and train him. In their fights they taught their steeds to stand still in all the din and noise. They had a strange sort of war car in which they drove to the fights. Each of these held one man to drive and three to fight. The steeds that drew them had been taught so well that they would dash on the rough stones or through the woods and tread down the foe with their hoofs. There were sharp blades of swords like scythes that stuck out from the wheels of these war cars on all sides. These would cut down all in their way. Then the steeds would stop while at full speed at a word from the one who drove them, and the men would leap down and deal out blows like hail with their swords, spring back to the car, and the steeds would rush off once more. The old Brit-ons had not heard of the true God, but they had a faith of their own. They felt as all men do, that there must be a God some where, and as they found that the oak tree was one of the best trees in the wood, they thought



WAR CAR.

God might be there. So they chose men to be their priests and to ask the gods to help them in the shade of the oaks. These priests were known as Dru-ids. They had long white beards, and had fine white robes.

They made the folks think that they were wise and had strange might. They wore what they said was a snake's egg in a gold case round their necks, and the folks thought they could work charms. They did know some cures for the sick, made from plants that grew in the woods, and they could make salves for burns or cuts. They would not teach the folks how to use these things, for they held them in this way. The folks gave the Dru-ids part of all they had, of food, or skins of beasts, or paint, or tin, for the cures they made. There is an odd plant which does not grow on the ground but on the branch of a tree. It has a small white fruit. When this was found on an oak tree and the fruit was ripe, the Dru-ids would make a great feast and all the folks would come to it. Then the most old of the Dru-id priests, all clad in white, with a white band round his head, would take a gold knife and go up to the trees where this plant grew and cut it down, while the rest sang songs. But all their rites were not so free from blame as this one, for it is known that

they would slay men at times, or put men and beasts in one cage and burn them.

These Dru-ids gave laws to the kings, and in fact had the real strength and rule. No one could write in those days, and the Dru-ids made songs on what took place and taught them to the youth of the land. Those who made the songs had the name of Bards.

These Dru-ids built great piles of stones, where they held their rites, parts of which are seen at this day. The one known as Stone-henge is the most huge and strange. The blocks are so large that we can not see how they were put there. Men could not move them, and in those days they had not the means that we have now to lift up such a mass of stone.

At this time, while the Brit-ons were in such a wild state, there was a race by the name of Romans, who knew a great deal. They were so wise and brave that they had made the whole of the known world their own. They had a chief by the name of Ju-li-us Cæ-sar, who heard in Gaul a great deal of the land with the white cliffs and of the brave tribes who dwelt there. So he thought he would just go and win Brit-on with the rest. He set sail with a fleet of ships and a host of men. He thought he could make short work of it, but he did not find it so light a task. For the Brit-ons

were as brave and bold then as now, and they fought so well that Cæ-sar was glad to make terms with them and go home, much more wise than when he came. The Ro-mans had found out that



IN-VA-SION OF EN-GLAND.

the Brit-ons were strong and well made, and that the land was fine, and that tin and rich ore lay in it. They saw two shells by the sea side in which were the round white things which we call pearls. Of course they told tales at home of all they had seen, and the folks there thought it would be a grand thing to get that land and make slaves of its folks and have all the tin and gold and pearls, and all the rest of the good things to take to Rome. So in the spring Ju-li-us Cæ-sar made a start once more for Brit-ain.

He brought more men and more ships, but though the Brit-ons had such poor clothes and bad arms, they fought long and well ere they would give up a rood of their land. At last, when the Ro-mans had won a part of the land, they had to build strong walls to keep it. The Brit-ons chose a chief who led them well, and as Na-po-le-on said of them, they did not know when they were beat, for they rose and fought and fought, and fell with their swords in their hands. There was one brave chief of the Brit-ons by the name of Car-ac-ta-tus who fought the Ro-mans in North Wales. But he lost the day, and the foe took him and his wife and all his kin in chains to Rome. As they led him through the streets of Rome he had the air of a king, and the folks there felt their hearts grow kind at the sight. So he was freed at last with all his dear ones, and we hear no more of him.

But the Ro-mans won at last, and they made the Brit-ons serve them. They made them cut down the great trees and plant corn and dig the rich ores out of the earth, or fish in the seas to find pearls for the grand Ro-man dames. But though the race were ground down for a time they had a chance to learn much from the Ro-mans. As they had to work for them and help them build, they found out that a house of stone or brick was more strong than

their old huts. They found out, too, how to spin and weave the wool that grew on their sheep, and so they could have clothes to wear, and not coats of paint. They saw the corn made into bread and learnt to like it, and they found that they could raise all sorts of good things from the ground if they would go to work and plant seeds and roots. But more than all the rest, the Ro-mans built schools and had men to teach the young ones how to read and write. In time some good men came in the Ro-man ships and taught the folk to serve the true God, and that they must love Him and make His word the law of their lives. The Dru-ids did all they could to put down this new faith, but in vain. The folk found out that all went on just as well, though the Dru-ids might curse them in their wrath. So they lost faith in the Dru-ids and in the oaks and the plant that creeps on it. More than one church was built where the folk learnt to pray to God.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN THE SAX-ONS CAME.

WHEN the Ro-mans came to En-gland Lon-don was a mere group of huts. The Ro-mans cut down the trees and built fine homes to live in, and a place

where men could buy and sell. Then, of course, coin came in use. They built, too, a good wall round the town of brick and stone, and a high strong place by the name of a tow-er, which could be made safe to hold what was put in it. In times of war they put their wives and maids and young ones in this tow-er.

There were more towns which the Ro-mans made fine. Bath was one of them. In Bath there are springs that are said to be good for those who are ill. So the Ro-mans built fine baths, and more than one grand house, where they could live and bathe, and drink from the springs. In York they built some schools. To this day things are found that the Ro-mans left in Brit-on. When men dig in the ground to build a house they some-times find old coins all rust, or bits of the plates from which the Ro-mans ate. At times a man will turn up with his plow a bit of the old Ro-man tiles that they had to pave the streets. Walls still are found that the Ro-mans made, and old spear heads, and mounds where the dead Brit-ons were laid to rest. On the bleak moors of North-um-ber-land there is a long low wall, half hid in moss and weeds. That is the wall of Se-ver-us ;



BRIT-ISH COIN.

and Stone-henge still stands on Sal-is-bu-ry Plain. At last the Ro-mans had to go home to take care of their own land. As soon as they were gone, the Picts and Scots came down on the folk in a swarm by land, and the Sax-ons by sea. The Brit-ons were in such hard straits that they sent word to the Ro-mans to beg them to come back and help them. They said: "The wild tribes chase us to the sea, and the sea throws us back on them, so that we have but the hard choice left us, to die by the sword or by the waves." But just at that time the foes of Rome were fierce and strong, and they could give no help. At last the Brit-ons thought the best plan would be to make peace with the Sax-ons and get them to help drive out the Picts and Scots. The prince who thought of this plan was Vor-ti-ge-ra, and he made friends with Hen-gist and Hor-sa, two chiefs who led the Sax-ons. Both these names, in the old Sax-on tongue, mean horse. It was the way of the Sax-ons to give men such names as Horse, Wolf, Bear and Hound. So as Hen-gist and Hor-sa drove out the Picts and Scots the folks had to let them stay and bring their friends. Hen-gist had a child, a fair girl by the name of Row-e-na, who won the heart of Vor-ti-ge-ra. She gave him wine in a cup of gold at one of the feasts, and said in such a sweet voice, "Dear king,

thy health," that he was won at once. He made her his wife, and she kept him the friend of the Sax-ons. We would not know much of those days save for the tales and songs of the old bards who went from house to house at the feasts. They sang of a bold king Arthur, who had some friends by the name of Knights, and how well they fought the



VOR-TI-GE-RA AT THE FEAST.

Sax-ons, and how they kept part of their land from them for years.

The Sax-ons brought in more and more of their friends, and took more and more land from the Brit-ons, and went on to crowd them out, till the poor folks had to live in Wales and the lands round it. The Sax-ons did not know the true God, and for a

long time they staid in this new land, and did not learn the Christ-ian faith. They were tall with fair hair and blue eyes, kind to their friends and fierce to their foes. They were known as Sax-ons, but their real name was An-gles, and the land took that name An-gle-land or En-gland. From them came the En-glish race and tongue. The old Brit-ons who had gone into Wales still talk their own tongue. The En-glish call it Welsh.

The Sax-ons who had most of Brit-ain in their hands had all sorts of gods. The chief of these were Wo-den and Thor. Thor meant thun-der. When they heard the great crash of a storm, and the fierce light leaped in the sky, they thought that Thor had struck a blow. They thought that their gods kept the best place in the skies for the brave who fell in a fight, and they did not well care for acts of love, but all their aim was to fight. They did all sorts of wrong things, and were not kind to the poor. One of their worst acts was to steal the young and send them to Rome to be sold as slaves. But God brought good out of this great wrong. One day when some girls and boys were set out in the place in Rome where slaves were bought and sold a good priest by the name of Greg-o-ry went by. He saw the poor young things, so fair, with their

blue eyes and long light hair, and the sight made him sad.

“Who are they?” he said.

“An-gles, from the isle of **Brit-ain.**”

“An-gles!” said the good priest, “say An-gels, for they look fit to be the heirs of light.” When he found that these poor things knew naught of the true God his heart was full of grief. He sought to find out a way to send men to En-gland to teach the faith of the Christ-ian. He was glad when he heard that one of the chief En-glish kings had wed a prin-cess from Par-is who was a Chris-tian, and that a priest had gone with her to her new home, and a church had been built.

Greg-o-ry then sent a priest by the name of Au-gus-tine to the king and queen, and they with a crowd of folks met them at a tree in Can-ter-bu-ry, and heard him preach of the true God. In time the king and his court gave up Wo-den and Thor, and on that same ground where they met that day now stands the grand church of Can-ter-bu-ry. Se-bert, one of the king’s near kin, built on a bit of marsh near Lon-don a church where now stands West-min-ster Ab-bey, and one where St. Paul’s stands now. When this king was dead Ed-win, king of North-um-bri-a, who was so good and had such a firm rule that it was said a child might go through his

realm with a purse of gold and be safe, thought that it would be best for his land if all had the Christ-ian faith. He sent out to call in the folk from all parts to hear the truth. One of the priests



DE-FY-ING THE I-DOLS.

of the old creed spoke for the new, for he said he had found out that the old gods were frauds. "Look at me," he said, "I have sought to serve them all my life and they have done naught for me. If they had the might they would sure have had the grace to have made me rich, to pay for all I have done for them." At the end of this odd speech the priest rode off

and threw his lance at the place where he had so oft plead for the rites of false gods.

So in the course of time all the En-glish left

their false gods and learned the Christ-ian faith. The next prince of fame was Eg-bert. He laid claim to the throne of Wes-sex. The king of Wes-sex had a wife, Queen Ed-buya, who had a way by which she dealt out death to those whom she did not like. She would mix some drug in a cup and give it to her foe to drink. Once by chance the king drank too, and at his death the folk rose in great wrath and drove her out of the land. When years had flown men said that in the streets of Rome they had seen one in rags who sought to beg her bread. They could see that she had once been fair, and some knew that poor wretch who had not a place to lay her head had once been En-gland's queen.



COIN OF EG-BERT.

So En-gland grew to be a Christ-ian land, but the folk were still rude and rough. The men had not much love for aught but the hunt or a feast. They wore a long dress like the smock of men who now drive carts, and wound strips of cloth on their legs for warmth. A house in those days was all on the ground floor, and had a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out. There was no glass in the land save some that had been brought from It-a-ly for the church in York, and it was thought a great prize. When it was time to dine the folk sat on

stools with cross legs, or on a bench of wood. They had square bits of wood for plates, and then the meat was brought to them on spits. Each one cut off a piece with his own knife. They had no forks, and they drank out of cows' horns or rude cups. Straw was laid on the floor, and from time to time fresh straw was put on top of the old.

I-na was one of the kings in the part of En-gland then known as Wes-sex. He had the wish to have his folks learn, and old books say that he went from house to house to get pence to send to Rome. These were to pay for a school there where he could send the young men. For at that time all the men who knew much of books were in Rome. These pence came to be known as "Pe-ter's Pence." So some of the young men from En-gland went to Rome to school, and they were taught to read and to write and to count. They could paint, too, in books, as was the mode then, and they knew how to sing and play on the harp. When they came home they taught the folks what they knew, and were their priests. They took care of the poor and were kind to the sick. Then the kings gave them gold and lands, so that they might keep up the schools and all their good works. In this way the church grew to own much land.

CHAPTER III.

AL-FRED THE GREAT.

NEW foes rose at this time, who came from the North, and were known as North-men, or Danes. They were at home on the sea, and were fierce and hard. They came in ships and burst down the huts of the folks and stole all they could in each place where they made out to land. The Sax-ons had by this time learned a great deal. They had made good laws, so that a man felt as safe in his own house as in a fort, for none could do him harm and not pay for it in some way. There were men put in each part of the land to hold courts and find out the truth when a crime was done. If they could not prove the crime in a clear way, or how it was done, the man was let off free. At times the judge would call in twelve men who knew the facts and see what they thought. This is not the way we do in our day, for now they try to find men who do not know the facts, or if they have heard them have not made up their minds and have no thoughts on the case. When a king thought he would like to change the old laws or make new ones, he would call all these men whom he had put at the head of things in

his land, and the folks of the towns, and let them hear what the new law was like, and if they said that it was good and right it was made a law. But if they said no, it was not kept as a law. In time the folks of a town chose three or four men to go at such times to hear what the new law was to be, and they told them what to say. Then the mass of them could stay at home and mind the plow and the trade and the shops.

When the king and these men met in one place to talk of the laws, they gave the place a name which meant where wise men meet. It was like what is now known as "Par-li-a-ment," where they talk of the laws ere they are made.

As I have told you, the Danes were fierce foes at this time, and burned the towns and stole all they could find. But a wise and good king, whose name was Al-fred, came to the throne in En-gland, and in time he freed his land from these bold men.

King Al-fred, like most men who grow up to be of use in the world, was the son of a good dame. Though he was a prince, he had not yet learned to read when he was twelve years old. There were no books in print in those days, for that art had not been found out. Men wrote the books, and some of them were done in fine style, and were rich in bright tints and gold. The Queen

read some Sax-on songs from one of these books one day to her boys, and they all said they would like to have that book for their own. The Queen said: "I will give to that one of you four who first learns to read." Al-fred went at once to seek some one to



AL-FRED AND HIS MOTH-ER.

teach him, and in a short time he won the book. He kept it all his life and learned the old songs by heart.

In the first year of his reign he fought nine times with the Danes. At times he made peace with them, and they would swear that they would not come back. But they did not care for their oaths, and would come back all the same as soon as they

saw a good chance to fight and burn. Once in the fourth year of King Al-fred's reign they spread out through the whole of En-land, and were so strong that the king's men took flight and left him. He had to hide in the hut of a cow-herd who did not know his face.

He staid in this hut some time, and his friends went to see him now and then to tell him how things went on and to beg him to stay there till they got men to fight the Danes.

The cow-herd's wife thought this strange man ought to help her with her work, as he ate her bread. So one day she left him to watch some cakes which she put to bake on the hearth. The king, whose mind was full of the woes of his folk and plans to get rid of the Danes, did not think of the cakes. So when the dame came back they were all burned, and she was in a great rage. "What!" she said, "you will be glad to eat them by and by, yet you could not watch them." She did not think that she spoke to a king. But just then the cow-herd came in with some of King Al-fred's friends, who told him that there had been a fight and that the Danes had fled from that part of the land, so that he might now leave the hut and take his place as king.

You may think that the wife of the cow-herd felt



AL-FRED THE GREAT AND THE LOAVES.

great shame at the harsh words she had said to her king. But he had a kind heart and told her if she would think no more of her burned cakes, he would not keep in his mind her hard words, and he gave the poor folks thanks that they had let him stay so long with them.

Then King Al-fred went forth to have a great fight with the Danes to teach them to leave England in peace. But first it was thought best to find out how strong they were, and as King Al-fred knew how to play on the harp well and to sing, he put on the dress of a glee man and went to their camp. He took his harp and sang his songs in the tent of Guth-run, who led the Danes. But all the time he sang he kept watch of all that went on. He saw their tents, their arms and much more that was of use to him. Then he set out at the head of the English troops, and put the foe to rout. He laid siege to them for two weeks, and hosts were slain. But he was good as well as brave, for he did not kill them all, as he might have done. He said if they would leave the west part of England they might have land and make homes in the east. But they must be Christians, and keep the laws of the land. Guth-run said he would do so, and he kept his word, and all his Danes did the same. They burned and stole no more, but learned to plow and

sow and reap and lead good lives. And in time they took Sax-on girls for wives.

But all the Danes were not so good as those led by Guth-run. There was one bold man who came with four score of ships up the Thames, and there was a plague in the land, too, and food was scarce. But King Al-fred had a stout heart. He thought the best way to keep off the foe was to build ships as good as theirs, and go and meet them on the sea and fight them there. So he built scores of good ships, and he was the first King of En-gland who had fleets of his own. He was as great in peace as he was in war, and he made up his mind that all the young folks in his realm should have a chance to learn to read and write. So he would talk with wise men from far lands and write down what they told him, so that his folk could read it. He learned strange tongues, so that he might write the books out in En-glish which were in them. He made good laws, so that all might feel safe, and he was so hard on thieves that it was said in his reign that gold chains or strings of gems might have been hung in the streets and none would touch them. He built schools and sent to It-a-ly for books and things that the En-glish did not



COIN OF AL-FRED.

then know how to make at home. And he sent ships to Rus-sia to find if they had things which would be of use in his realm. It was the great wish of his heart to do right in all things, and to leave the folks of his land more good and wise than he found them. He had a time in each day for each task, and as there were no clocks then he had to make a way of his own to tell the time. He had a sort of wax torch made and put in packs of the same size. These he made out to notch in such a way that as they burned down he could tell how the hours went. But as a draught would blow them out the king had each set in a case made of wood and white horn. Do you know the name of a light that is set in a case in these days?

All this time the good King Al-fred was far from well, but he bore his pains like a brave man. When death took him his whole land was full of grief, and his name has been kept in the hearts of the folks of En-gland as one of her best and most wise kings.

As soon as King Al-fred was dead his son Ed-ward came to the throne, and he found he had a great deal to do, for the Danes felt that now there might be a chance to get more of En-gland. But though Ed-ward was not so great as Al-fred he fought well, and the Danes fled and left the land in

peace for a long time. In the end En-gland was made one, with one Sax-on king. By this time there was a great change in the ways of its folk. Their homes were no more huts, but built well, and they had chairs and beds, and all sorts of things. On the walls of the rich, silk was hung, with fine work on it—birds, or leaves, or bright buds—done by the wives or girls of the house. Knives and spoons had come in use, and the folk ate from plates of bone, or brass, or it might be gold. At a feast there would be a harp on which all knew how to play in those days. They would pass it from guest to guest, and each one would sing and play when his turn came.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIX BOY KINGS.

ON the death of Ed-ward the son who came next was A-thel-stane. He was a brave and wise man. He knew that it was good for En-gland to have ships to keep out the Danes and to bring in all the things that they did not know how to make. So he made a law that when a man built a ship and

went to sea three times in it he should have the name of a Thane. This name would give him the same rank as though he held lands. A-thel-stane kept down the Danes and brought his own folks in Wales and Corn-wall to a right mind, for they were Brit-ons, you know, and did not quite like the Saxon rule.

When A-thel-stane was dead Ed-ward, the first of the six boy kings, came to the throne. He had a short reign, and one full of strife with the Danes. His life came to an end in this way. One night when he was at a feast in his hall, he saw with his guests a thief by the name of Leof, whom he had once sent out of En-land. He was in a rage that the man should dare to come there, and he said: "There is a thief at this board, who for his crimes was sent out of the land. He is a wolf, and it is right for all to hunt him out. Send him forth at once." "I will not go," said Leof. "No?" said the king. "No, by the Lord," said Leof. On that the king rose from his seat and made a clutch at the long hair of the thief to throw him down. But the thief had a knife hid in his cloak and made a stab at the king which was the cause of his death at once. Then Leof set his back to the wall and fought till the walls and floor were red with blood, but he was slain at last.

The next boy king was Ed-red, who was weak and sick, but had a strong mind. His troops fought with the Danes and beat them for the time, but his reign did not last long.

Then came the boy king Ed-wy, who had not the real rule of the land, for that was in the hands of a bold priest by the name of Dun-stan. This man had a wish to make all do as he chose, and he sought to rule the land. This did not suit the king and his young wife at all times, and so there was strife. Once when the young king stole out from a feast to join his fair girl wife, the priest sent for him and had men drag him back by force, and said vile things to his sweet young queen. The boy king kept all this in his mind, and when he got a chance he brought a charge that Dun-stan had kept some of the gold of the last king. Dun-stan fled, but his friends kept at work for him at home. O-do, a Dane, set up young Ed-gar for king. Then he stole the poor young queen from her home, had a brand burned in her cheeks and sold her for a slave in Ireland. But the good folks there felt sad for her, and they said: "We will cure her and send the poor young thing back to the boy king." And so they did cure her and sent her to join the king. But that bad man Dun-stan, with his vile friend O-do,

laid in wait for her, and as she went on full of joy at the thought that she would meet the king once more, they met her and she was hewn with swords till she was left all cut and lame to die. When Ed-wy, who was known as the "Fair," heard of her sad fate it was said that his heart broke, and so these two young lives came to an end.

The boy king, Ed-gar, was known as the Peaceful. He had to make friends with Dun-stan, or you may be sure there would not have been peace. He let Dun-stan have his own way in all things, so this bad priest gave out that Ed-gar was the best of kings. Church bells first came in use in his time. King Ed-gar, though he was weak and did more than one bad act, took good care of his land. He went to all parts of it and had the ships kept in good trim and new ones built. He sent men to hunt the wolves and wild beasts that did so much harm. And he made the kings of Scot-land and Wales send him scores of wolves' heads each year as a sort of tax. By this means Eng-land was freed from wild beasts and men could sleep in peace.

When Ed-gar was dead his son Ed-ward was made king, for he was the first born. But King Ed-gar had been twice wed, so there was a young boy, the son of his last wife. The bad queen thought she would kill Ed-ward so that her child

might have the throne. I will tell you how she did it. Ed-ward was fond of the hunt, and one hot day when he came from the chase he rode up to the gate of the house where the bad Queen El-fri-da dwelt, to ask for a drink of wine. The Queen brought it to him, but while he drank she made a sign to one of her men to stab him in the back.



DEATH OF ED-WARD.

The King let fall the cup and put spurs to his horse to ride off, but he soon grew faint with loss of blood and fell to the ground. There they found him, his fair young face torn with thorns and stones, and his long curls full of mire and dirt—dead!

The boy Eth-el-red, who had seen the young

king slain, is said to have wept at the sight, so that the bad queen beat him with a torch in her rage. He was the last of the boy kings and the folks did not love him. They could not cease to think of the crime that gave him the throne. But Dun-stan had no one else to put on the throne so Eth-el-red was made king. Dun-stan was old by this time, but hard and stern as he had been all his life. He had the rule still, as though he were king. The bad Queen El-fri-da made her son do as she chose for a time, but he grew to have a will of his own at last. Then she left the court, and let us hope she saw her sins in a true light. We know she built more than one church, but we do not think she could build out the sight of the fair boy whom she had slain, with his bright curls dim with blood and his young face torn by the stones.

In the tenth year of Eth-el-red's reign Dun-stan's death came. They made him a saint, but we think the king must have been glad to have been rid of him. He was a weak king, and had the name of the Un-read-y. The Danes found out how weak he was, and one of them, by the name of Sweyn, a son of the King of Den-mark, came with a horde of men each year and took spoils from the large towns. Eth-el-red gave these sea-kings gold to coax them to go, but you may be sure

they came back for more. Each time he gave them more and more, till he had to put a great tax on his poor folks. Then, as they still came for more gold, he thought it would be a good plan for him to take a wife from some strong race who would lend him men to fight for him. So he was wed with a fair girl from Nor-man-dy.

In this reign was done a deed such as fills all who have to speak or write of it with shame. The king sent out word to all parts of his realm that at a sign the folk should rise up and kill all the Danes, men and their wives, the girls and the boys, the babes at the breast—they must spare none. Of course we know there were fierce, bad Danes who had done great crimes, but there were good ones too, who were Christ-ians, and led lives of peace, and had wed En-glish wives. They were all slain. They did not spare Gur-dil-da, who was the child of a Dan-ish king, and had wed an En-glish lord. Her lord was slain with her child in her sight, and then they made an end of her too. When these deeds of blood came to the ear of the sea king he swore a great oath that he would make En-gland pay for such crimes. He got a host of men and a fleet such as had not been seen. In all his troops there was not one slave or old man. Each man was free and in the prime of life, and each swore

to do his best to wipe out in blood the great wrong that had been done them. That fleet must have been a grand sight. Each ship had its own flag, with a beast or bird on it, and shields on the side that shone in the sun. The ship that bore the flag of the king had a great snake on it with coils cut in the wood, and the king said he would trust his gods no more if that snake did not strike its fangs into En-gland's heart.

And so it did. The hosts of men went on shore from the great fleet and took up their march through the land. At each town they made the Sax-ons give them a feast, and when they ate and drank their fill they rose on their hosts and slew them. For six years this went on. They burned crops and barns and mills. They slew the men at work in the fields, so that no seed could be sown. They left heaps of burned stuff where they had found rich towns. There was one brave man who held out when the Danes laid siege to his town. This was the Arch-bi-shop of Can-ter-bury. When one of the men let in the foe through the gates, he said in his chains: "I will not buy my life with gold wrung from the poor—do with me as you will!"

The Danes had him brought to the feast hall and said to him: "Now, bish-op, we must have gold."

He knew that his time was come, but he did not flinch.

"I have no gold," he said.

"You must get it!"

"I have told you I will not."

The crowd drew near with oaths and blows, but he stood firm. They struck him with the great ox bones from which they had torn the meat at their feast, till at last one smote him dead with his ax.

Eth-el-red was not as brave as this good priest. He paid more gold, a great sum, for the Danes to go, but they came back the next year. The folks of En-gland had by this time lost all faith in their king, and all hope, so when Sweyn came once more they were glad to see him. When the king fled they made Sweyn king.

Yet when Sweyn's death came in a month from the time he had been made king, they sent word to Eth-el-red that they would have his son Ed-mund for their king. But the Danes chose a king too, and his name was **Ca-nute**, so there was war once more. The Sax-ons said they would not have **Ca-nute** to rule them.

The war did not end for three years, and then the Un-ready came to his death. His son Ed-mund did not live but two months, and then **Ca-nute** was sole King of En-gland.

CHAPTER V.

CA-NUTE AND THE DAN-ISH KINGS.

CA-NUTE was a wise man and did some good acts in his reign, but he did not spare his foes. He felt a fear of all who were kin to the late king and had most of them slain. "He who shall bring me the head of one of my foes shall be dear to me as my own blood," he said, and you may be sure there were those who were swift to do his will. He sent the two boys, the sons of Ed-mund, out of the land to Swe-den. The King of Swe-den was a kind man, and he brought them up with love and care.

Ca-nute wed the wife of the dead king, the fair Nor-man girl, who did not seem to mourn for one she had lost. As Ca-nute grew old he grew more kind and did not shed blood as at first. He went to Rome in a pil-grim's dress to pray for his sins. He brought back some of the good laws of King Al-fred's time, and built once more some of the schools which had been burnt in the war, and sent some young men to Rome to learn in the schools there.

A tale is told of King Ca-nute that as he took his

walk on the sea shore one day the lords of the court sought to please him by praise. They told him how great he was, and wise, and good, that the winds and the waves must do as he said. Ca-nute heard all this for some time, then he said: "Bring me a chair, I want to rest." He sat down on the chair just where the tide would come in, and as the waves crept on him more and more, he said to the sea: "I bid you not to let your waves wet my feet." Of course the waves went on and rose so high that the king was wet with them. Then he stood up and said: "Learn from what you see now that there is no one great but God. He who made the sea and holds it in His hand can tell it where or when to stop."

Ca-nute left three sons, Sweyn, Har-old, and Har-di-canute. The last was the child of his Norman wife. He had been King of Den-mark and Nor-way as well as En-gland, and he left En-gland to Har-old. But the Sax-ons said they would have Har-di-ca-nute for their king, or one of the sons of the Un-read-y, who were in Nor-man-dy. You know they were the sons, too, of Em-ma, the Norman wife of Ca-nute. But she did not seem to care for them. She gave all her love to Har-di-ca-nute, her last born. So when Prince Ed-ward came with some men to claim the crown, he found he had no

friend in her, and was glad to get back with his life. Prince Al-fred did not have as good luck, for in the dead of night, when he and his men slept, they were set on by the king's troops. They were then drawn out in a line and slain, save each tenth man, who was kept as a slave. Poor Prince Al-fred had his clothes torn off and was bound fast to his horse and sent out to the Isle of E-ly, where his eyes were put out and death came to his help at last.

Har-old was king for four years. He was fond of the hunt, and could run so fast that he was known as Har-old Hare-foot. Har-di-ca-nute then was king for a short time, and then came Ed-ward, who was, as you know, a son of the Un-read-y. He is known as the Con-fess-or, a name the monks gave him. He was the tool of his friends, and let bad men rule him. His home had been in Nor-man-dy so long that he was more fond of that land than he was of En-gland. He brought hosts of Nor-man friends with him, and they saw what a fair land En-gland was, good for corn and wheat, and how the woods were full of deer, and there was great wealth in the towns, so they thought they would try and get this good place for their duke when Ed-ward was dead. Their duke came to see Ed-ward and to get him to say he would leave the crown to him, as he had no son.

Now there was a young Prince by the name of Ed-gar who was next of kin to Ed-ward, so that he had no right to say that he would give his throne to a Nor-man duke. The En-GLISH did not like to see the Nor-mans get all the best things, and to hear the Nor-man tongue on all sides.

Ed-ward did one good thing in his reign. He found the laws in a sad state. Some parts of the land kept Dan-ish law and some parts had the Sax-on. So he had wise men to meet and read all these laws and take the best and put them in one book, so that all the folks could read and know them and all have the same laws.

Ed-ward had made the child of Earl God-win his wife, but though she was good, and fair, and kind, he did not treat her with love. So the earl and his sons did all they could to stir up the folks to strife, and to make them hate the king and the Nor-mans he had brought in. Then the king grew more and more harsh with his wife, who had won the heart of the folks by her kind ways. He took all her gold and gems from her and sent her to a house where the nuns dwelt, and left her with but one maid to wait on her. There she was kept as if she were in jail.

He sent Earl God-win and his sons out of En-gland and brought Wil-liam, Duke of Nor-man-dy to his court. Wil-liam was a brave man, fond of a

fine horse and dogs and arms, so he was glad to come, and all the Nor-mans met him with joy. But the old Earl God-win, though he was not at home, had spies there, and knew how the folks felt. He thought the time was now ripe for his own son to have a chance. For his son was En-lish and had hosts of friends. So he came with a fleet up the Thames and crowds met him with cheers. At last the Nor-man friends of the king took fright and made the best of their way out of En-gland. The king had to give back to Earl God-win all his lands. The good queen was brought out of her jail and sat once more in her chair of state, in her grand robes and gems. But the Earl God-win did not live long. He fell dead in a fit on the third day from the time he had won his cause. His son Har-old took his place and his wealth, and fought well for the king.

When Ed-ward the Con-fess-or was dead the Duke of Nor-man-dy set up a claim to the throne of En-gland. He knew that Har-old would fight for this crown, so he thought it would be a good plan for him to give him one of his fair girls for his wife, so that he might bind him to his cause. So Har-old was wed to A-dele, and then he took an oath that he would aid the duke. Then Har-old went back to En-gland and was made king at once.

He had good cause to make haste. When the news came to the Duke of Nor-man-dy he was out on a hunt. He let the bow fall from his hands and sent for all the great men of the land to talk with them. The French said they would aid him, and he sent word at once to Har-old that he must keep his oath and give up the crown. Then the Duke of Nor-man-dy set sail for En-gland with ships full of men and made out to land in Sus-sex. Har-old made haste to march on them. As he drew near he saw the gleam of their spears. He saw too that there was one tall man who wore a blue robe and rode a fine horse. As his gaze was on this form he saw the horse make a false step and throw the man to the ground.

“Who is that man?” he said to one of his chiefs.

“The king of Nor-way,” said the man.

“He is a tall and grand king,” said Har-old, “but his end is near.”

Now there was one of his own blood who fought on the side of his foes, and he sent word to him that if he would draw off his troops he would make him Earl of North-um-ber-land, with great wealth.

“And what will he give to my friend, the King of Nor-way?” said the man.

“Sev-en feet of earth for a grave.”

“No more?”

“Well, as the King of Nor-way is a tall man, there may be some more.”

“Ride back and tell King Har-old to come on to the fight.”

King Har-old did give them such a fight that most of them were left dead on the field. But as he kept the feast of joy at this he heard that the Nor-mans were in Hast-ings. He broke up the feast and made haste to Lon-don. But it took him a week to get a force. He sent spies to the Nor-man camp, and Wil-liam led them through it all and sent them safe home. The spies said: “These Nor-mans have no beards, but are smooth in the face, like priests.” “You will find that these priests can fight,” said Har-old.

At last the Nor-mans and the En-glish came front to front. With the first dawn of day they met. The En-glish were on a hill, with woods at their backs. In their midst was the flag of their king. On it, wrought in gold thread and gems, was the form of a knight in arms. At the foot of this flag stood King Har-old. Round him, still as the dead, stood the En-glish troops, each man with his shield on him and his war ax in his hand.

On the hill near was the force of the Nor-mans, with their bows strung. All at once the Nor-man war cry, “God help us,” burst from their lips. The



LAND-ING OF WIL-LIAM THE CON-QUER-OR.

En-glish gave back their own war cry, "God's Rood." The En-glish fought well, though the Nor-man darts fell on them like rain. They cut down the horse-men as they rode up, like groves of young trees. At last Duke Wil-liam made a feint, as though he would fly. The En-glish gave chase, but then the foe sought to close in on them and slew them in crowds. The sun rose high and sank, and still the fight went on. The clash and din went on till night, and the white light of the moon shone on heaps of dead. King Har-old was half blind from a dart that had struck his eye. Some Nor-man knights made a rush for the En-glish flag, and the king fell with a death wound. The day was lost, and the Nor-mans had won. This was known as the fight of Hastings.

CHAPTER VI.

WIL-LIAM THE CON-QUER-OR.

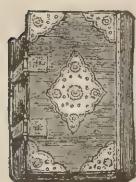
WIL-LIAM had the crown set on his head in West-min-ster Ab-bey. He was the first Wil-liam, but he is best known as Wil-liam the Con-quer-or. He made more than one great change in En-gland.

He took from those who had fought with Har-old all their lands and wealth and gave them to his own Nor-man knights. These men built strong and grand homes in all parts, and put high walls round their lands, and made what we would now call game laws. In the old time a poor man who found a wild bird or a deer in his field or in the woods could kill it and take it home to eat. But the Nor-mans would let no one hunt or have game but their own selves and a few En-GLISH lords. If they found a poor man who had slain aught to eat they would put out his eyes, or cut off his hand, or make him pay a fine.

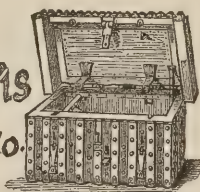
Wil-liam was so fond of the hunt that he took land where he chose and made the poor folks give up their homes to be torn down to make a great woods where he and his men could hunt. This was known as the "New For-est." He made a law, too, that all should have their fires and lights put out at eight at night, and he had a bell in the church to ring at that hour. This bell was known as the "cur-few" bell.

For a long time the En-GLISH felt sad and sore, and could not bear the new rule. But Wil-liam had the might in his hands and the folks could not drive him out, so at last they had to make up their minds to serve him. So he went on to spoil them as he

chose and make his Nor-man knights rich ; but the more he gave the men the more they sought to have. He sent all through his land to find out all the towns and a list of the folks who dwelt in them, and he had all put down in a book, which was known as the “Dooms-day Book.” “Dooms-day” means a day to judge things, and Wil-liam had this book to show him how much land he had and how great a



C TERRA COMITIS
MOONES MORIO.



force he could raise to fight for him.

Wil-liam the Con-quer-or found it hard to

DOOMS-DAY BOOK.

please his Nor-mans and to keep the En-glish from strife, and he had no peace with his own sons. He had three of them, one known as Rob-ert Short-legs, one Wil-liam Ru-fus, from his red hair, and one Hen-ry, who was fond of books and had the name of Beau-clerk, or “fine schol-ar.” When Rob-ert grew up he thought he would like to have Nor-man-dy for his own, but as the king would not give it he grew sour and cross and would give the rest no peace. He was a gay youth who spent all he could get in feast and dance and song.

Wil-liam at this time went to Rou-en to meet the French king and set right some claim to land. He

staid in bed most of the time and took drugs, for he had grown to such a huge size that it was thought best he should do so. But when he heard that the King of France had made some jests on this, he swore in a great rage that he should rue his jests. So he went with his troops straight in to the land he had come to talk of with the French king, and burned all the crops and vines and fruit, and set fire to the town of Nan-tes. But it was an ill day for him, for as he rode on, his horse set his foot on a hot coal and threw him in such a way that he got a hurt which was the cause of his death. But he lay sick for six weeks first, and made his will. He gave En-gland to Wil-liam, Nor-man-dy to Rob-ert, and a sum of gold to Hen-ry. Then all his bad deeds came to his mind, and he sent word that they should give gold to the En-glish church and let all those that were in the jails for state crimes go free.

As the sun rose the king woke at the sound of the bell. "What bell is that?" he said, in a faint voice.

"The bell of the Church of St. Ma-ry."

Then he said that he would pray for St. Ma-ry to help his soul, and so he drew his last breath.

As soon as his breath was gone from him those who had been there to serve him went to work

to steal all they could and get off with it. In this strife the corpse of the king fell from the bed and lay for hours on the ground. There lay the great Con-quer-or, till a good knight came to bear him off



BUR-I-AL OF WIL-LIAM THE CON-QUER-OR.

to a church which he had built. But he could not be laid at rest in peace. For as he was to be let down, clad in his robes of state into a tomb in this church, a loud voice in the crowd said: "This ground is mine! On it stood the home of my race. This king took the house and the ground from my kin to build this church. In the great name of God

I here say that this corpse shall not be put in the earth that is my right." So they had to buy the ground from the man ere they laid Wil-

liam in the tomb, for they knew his claim was just.

His son, Wil-liam the Red, took small thought of the dead king, but went in hot haste to get the crown. He was the worst of the Con-quer-or's sons. As soon as he had the throne he sent back all the poor folks whom the Con-quer-or had set free to jail once more. Rob-ert, who was Duke of Nor-man-dy, let Wil-liam rule his land while he went on a Cru-sade. The Cru-sades were wars made on the Turks to get the tomb of our Lord out of their hands. Those who went on them had a cross cut out of cloth sewed on their clothes, so they were known as Cru-sa-ders. The word Cru-sa-der means one who fights for the Cross.



COIN OF WIL-LIAM II.

So King Wil-liam Ru-fus had the rule of Nor-man-dy as well as his own land. In the mean-time Hen-ry, who did not feel that he had had his share of the wealth, made his home in a place by the name of St. Michael's Mount, on the sea shore of Nor-man-dy. He and his men would dash out and steal what they could when they had a chance. So Wil-liam and Rob-ert got troops and went to his place to drive him out. They laid siege to it so that no food nor drink could go in, and at last

they heard that the poor folks were near dead with thirst. Wil-liam was glad of it, for then he thought they would soon give up. But Rob-ert's heart was the best, for he gave Hen-ry leave to get all he might need for his troops to drink, and sent him some of his own best wine.

You see what sort of a hard heart the King of En-gland had, so you may think there was not much grief when the news came that he was dead. It came to pass in the same New For-est which the Con-quer-or had made from the lands of his poor folks. He was out on a hunt with his train. They had slept all night at a lodge in the woods, and had made good cheer and drunk a great deal of wine. Then they went their own ways, and the king took with him one of his friends, Sir Wal-ter Tyr-rell. That night a poor man, who by chance went that way, saw a sad sight. There lay a dead man in the road with a dart in his breast and the blood still fell from the wound. The man got the corpse in-to his cart and found out that it was the king. Sir Wal-ter Tyr-rell, who fled to Nor-man-dy, swore that the dart had been sped by one not seen, and then in fear that the crime should be laid on him, he had put spurs to his horse and fled to the sea shore. But some men thought that it was Sir Wal-ter's dart that had struck on a tree and

made a turn to one side and found the heart of the king. But there was no grief in the land at the news.

This king did so few good things that we must tell you one. He built a fine bridge on the Thames. He built, too, West-min-ster Ab-bey. Part of the old wall still stands, but the best part of the hall was built by Rich-ard II.

CHAPTER VII.

HEN-RY I.

WHEN it was known that Wil-liam Ru-fus was dead the En-glish chose Hen-ry, the Fine Schol-ar, for their king, for Rob-ert was at the war in the Ho-ly Land. Hen-ry was brave and fond of books, and brought wise men round him. He took for his wife a kind dame who was known as the “Good Queen Maude.” She left two babes, Wil-liam and Maude. Wil-liam was a wild youth, fond of wine, and he had a hard heart. He was wont to say that when he should be King of En-gland he would



COIN OF ED-WARD I.

yoke the men and drive them like beasts; but the day did not come for him to be king. He came to his death in this way: He had been in Nor-mandy with King Hen-ry, and when the time came for him to start back he chose to go in a ship with some gay young friends. They staid so long on the shore at their feasts that the king was a long way on his course ere they set out. Then the prince and his friends had drunk so much wine that they did not know how to steer the ship, so they ran on a rock and all went down in to the sea. It is said that Prince Wil-liam did not seek to save his life, as he might have done if he would have left the ship. He staid to try and save a young girl who was near kin to him. It is the one good act that we hear of him. But all that gay crowd went down save one who was left to tell the tale.

For three days none dare go to the king with the sad news. At last they sent a child who fell on his knees at the king's feet and told him with a burst of tears that the White Ship and all on board of her were lost. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and in all his life from that day he was not seen to smile.

As he had no son now, he set all his love on Maude, whom he had wed with the Ger-man em-

per-or, Hen-ry the Fifth, when she was but eight years old. When the em-per-or was dead Hen-ry made her wed Geof-frey, the Earl of An-jou. She had three sons, and her first-born took the name of Hen-ry. The king's plan was that she should be Queen of En-gland when he was dead, and the young Hen-ry the next king. He did all he could to make his lords vow that Maude should be queen at his death, and some did so, but they did not keep their word. The king had been told by wise men that he ought not to eat too much; but one day a dish of a kind of fish of which he was fond was set on the board, and he ate so much that it was the cause of his death.

Hen-ry Fine Schol-ar was a man who did not care for his word and took all means to gain his own ends. He had a hard heart, as was seen by the way he dealt with Rob-ert of Nor-man-dy, who had the best claim to the throne. He said Rob-ert had made plots with his foes, and he led troops into Nor-man-dy and cast Rob-ert in jail for life. They let him at times ride out with a guard, and one day he broke from his guard and rode off. But his horse stuck fast in a swamp, and so they found him. When the king heard of it he had the eyes of poor Rob-ert burnt out, and then he was left to spend long years in a cell and to die there at last.

He left a boy of five years old, and the child would have been put to death too if his friends had not hid him. So you see Fine Schol-ar was a hard, bad man, and there were few to mourn him when he was dead.

When Hen-ry Fine Schol-ar was dead, all his plans fell to bits like a heap of sand. Ste-phen, one of the grand-sons of the Con-quer-or, laid claim to the throne. Hen-ry had not thought of such a thing. Ste-phen brought some one to swear that the king had left him the throne on his death bed, and he got the crown set on his head with great haste. But there were some who kept their oath and took the part of Em-press Maude and her son Hen-ry. So once more the poor folk's land had a war that did not come to an end for years. You know Maude was the grand-child of a Scotch king, so the Scots came to her help. Whole towns were burned down and the land laid waste. The trees were cut down, the sheep and herds were left with none to care for them, and there was nought but want and woe in all the land. At last the folks were worn out, and they said Ste-phen might be king in his lifetime, but Hen-ry, the son of Maude, should have the next claim to the throne. Ste-phen did not live but a year from the time this peace was made. Then Hen-ry the Sec-ond came to the

throne. He was just of age and full of zeal. He went to work to set things to rights in his realm. The first thing he did was to send all the Nor-man and French troops that had been brought into En-gland to fight, back to their own homes. He thought En-glish men were the best ones to fight for En-gland. He built up the towns that had been burnt in the wars, and sent men all through the land to right the wrongs of the poor, and the folks felt safe to build their homes and to plow their fields. He put all the laws in force and brought wise men to his court, and he was fond of those who wrote verse. In Hen-ry's time there was strife in Ire-land. The folks there were cut up in tribes, and each tribe had a king. Now these kings were all the time at war. One of them went to Hen-ry to beg that he would help him. Hen-ry had too much to do at home. But he gave his lords leave to go and help the Irish king if they chose. And Der-mot, King of Lein-ster, said that if they won the cause, he and the rest of the I-rish kings would serve En-gland, and the King of En-gland should be lord of Ire-land from that day.



COIN OF HEN-RY AND STE-PHEN.

Then an earl, who got the name of Strong Bow, got some troops and went to Ire-land to help

Der-mot. Now the En-glish knew so much more of the arts of war in those days than the Irish that they beat them, and from that time Ire-land has had no king but the En-glish one. Scot-land in that time had kings of her own. It was not so rich a land as En-gland, and the folks were more rude and wild.

One of their kings, Wil-liam the Lion, when he heard Hen-ry was in Nor-man-dy, thought there would be a good chance to get some of the good things so near him. He took men in to En-gland to rob the towns and take off the corn and beasts. Then the En-glish men rose up and went in to the North and fought him and took him to Lon-don. Hen-ry would not set him free till he took oath that from that time all the kings of Scot-land should do the will of the King of En-gland, and he should be the real head of the land.

King Hen-ry had a friend by the name of Thom-as a Beck-et to whom he gave much wealth. He had grand homes, and a crowd of men to serve him, and when he went in the street it was in great pomp and state. Now Hen-ry said, "I will give my friend a high place in the Church, then he will do all things there to suit me." So he made him Arch-bish-op of Can-ter-bury. Now Thom-as a Beck-et was proud and had a strong will of his own. He was fond of pomp and wealth,

but he was more fond of his own way. So all at once he made a great change in his life. He ate coarse food and wore sack-cloth next his skin, and would fast and pray all the time. Then he laid claim to all the right to say who should give a church to a priest. He chose to be, in fact, sole Lord of the Church in all England. When one did not please him he laid the ban of the Church on him. That meant a sort of curse that would cling to him, when he rose up or when he sat down, when he slept or woke, when he ate or drank. The King could do naught, and he was full of wrath. This sort of strife went on for years. One day the King in a hot rage said in his court: "Have I no one here who will rid me of this man?" There were four knights there who heard these words and went out. They found the Arch-bish-op in the church, and when his men would have shut the doors, Beck-et said: "No; that was the house of God and not a fort."

The men trod the dark aisles with a cry, "Where is the Arch-bish-op?" "I am here," he said. They told him he must fly or go with them. He said that he would not move. Then they struck him, but he stood firm with his head bent down and gave up his soul to God. Then the knights went on with their blows till the Arch-bish-op fell on the floor dead.

The King had not meant death to the Arch-bishop by his rash words, and he was full of wrath when he heard the news. The four knights had to fly, and did not dare to be seen in the land. The Pope put the ban of the Church on them, and they went to Je-ru-sa-lem to kneel at the tomb of our Lord and pray for their sin. This dark deed made foes for the King in his own land, and it was some time ere the Pope would make peace with him.

King Hen-ry was rich through his wife, El-ean-or. She had been so bad a wife to the French king that he sent her off and gave her all the gold she had brought with her to get rid of her. Now, Hen-ry when a mere youth had wed this bad wife for her gold.

She had four sons, Hen-ry, Rich-ard, Geof-frey and John, and she brought them all up in a bad way. She made her first-born, when a boy, think that he would make a good king, and that he ought to have part of the land. He did not rest till Hen-ry let him have the crown put on his head. Then the youth thought he would like to have all in his hands, and he went to France to get men to help him fight the King.

But the Prince fell ill in a French town, and when he found he must die he sent for the King. Hen-ry's friends thought this might be a trick, and



" I AM HERE."

they would not let him go. But he sent a ring to his son and told him that he would be friends with him. The Prince took the ring with a kiss and tears. He knew then what a bad son he had been, and he said to the priest that knelt at his side: "Oh, tie a rope round me and draw me out of bed that I may lie down in the dust of the floor and mourn for my sins."

The three sons left were as bad as the one who was dead, for the Queen led them to do wrong. They went to war on the King to take his lands from him. The King was worn out with the strife, and at last, as he lay on his sick bed, some one brought him the list of those who had gone to the side of his foes, and the first name on the list was John, his last born son, the most dear to his heart! The sick king heard it with a cry. "Oh, John, child of my heart. You for whom I strove through all my grief. Have you, too, left me." Then with a deep groan he said: "Now let the world go as it will. I care not!"

And he did not seem to care to live from that time. So death soon came to him and he was glad to go. Hen-ry the Sec-ond has been known as Hen-ry Plant-a-ge-net. It was the mode in those days for a man to wear a sort of shield for his face when he went into a fight, so that he might not get

a wound in his head. This thing was like a cage and had bars. It was hard to know who a man was when he had such a thing on, so it grew to be the style for men to wear some sign to show who they were. The men of Hen-ry's race wore a spray of broom, and that is what Plant-a-ge-net means.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICH-ARD I. LION HEART.

IT is told of Rich-ard that when he saw the dead king he was full of grief, and said with tears: "It is I who am the cause of his death." But it was too late for him to make up for what he had done. Rich-ard was a brave and strong man, but he had a hot head and did rash things. On the day that he was made king there was a great mob that set on the Jews and slew crowds of them. His first thought was to go on a Cru-sade, and he went with Phil-ip of France and the young girl whom he was to wed.

The men who held the tomb of our Lord in those days were known as Sar-a-cens, and they had a brave Prince at their head by the name of Sal-a-din. He was good and just and held fast to the truth,

and his men fought so well that the Cru-sa-ders had a hard time to win a rood of their land. But they made out to get one town on the coast, by the name of A-cre, and Duke Le-o-pold of Aus-tri-a set up his flag on the walls. Rich-ard would not have this, so he tore it down and threw it in the ditch. He thought the Duke had no right to lay claim to the town in that way. Then Le-o-pold and Phil-ip of France made up their minds they would not stay with Rich-ard and put up with his proud ways. So Phil-ip said it was too hot for him in the Ho-ly Land, and made him ill. He went back to France, but Rich-ard staid, though he, too, felt the heat and grew ill. Then Sal-a-din sent him fruits and did all he could for him. Once he sent him a horse, but as soon as Rich-ard got on the back of the beast it ran with him straight to the camp of the Sar-a-cens. Sal-a-din thought Rich-ard would take his gift as a trick to bring him into their hands, so he gave him a more mild horse to ride back. Now you see the way this Sar-a-cen dealt with his foes might put some Christ-ians to the blush. Rich-ard fought one hard fight at Jop-pa. At last Le-o-pold would not help with some work on hand, and said he had come to fight, not to work, and the king struck him a blow that sent him off in a rage to his home.



"RICH-ARD TORE IT DOWN WITH HIS OWN HAND."

Rich-ard knew it was the fault of his hot head that he was left to fight on with none to help him. So when he came to the top of the hill from which Je-ru-sa-lem might be seen, he would not look at it. "Those who are not fit to win it, are not fit to see it," he said. There were none more brave than Rich-ard in the fight, and he would turn his hand to all sorts of work, though he was a king.

In the mean-time Prince John, with the King of France, had set to work to stir up strife at home, so Rich-ard had to make peace with the Sar-a-cens for three years and start for En-gland. But on his way there were such fierce storms, and he was set on by sea-thieves, till at last there was no way for him to go save through the lands of Duke Le-o-pold of Aus-tri-a. He went in the guise of a trades-man and took but a small boy with him. But he fell ill at an inn, and the boy went down to get him aid. Some one saw a glove in the boy's belt wrought with silk—the sort of thing worn but by rich and great men in those days. The Duke of Aus-tri-a heard of it and sent and took Rich-ard and shut him up in a strong fort. Rich-ard's wife and friends did not know where to seek for him. A tale is told that Blon-del, a youth who sang songs in his court, went from place and sang so that the king might hear him, and that one day he sang

a song near the fort at Tri-fels and a voice took up the strain, and he knew he had found the king. But we know the English paid a large sum of gold and had him set free.

At last the king went home, but he found that Prince John and the French king had made bad work for him in Nor-man-dy. In a fight there a dart struck the king. It did not seem bad at first, but there was no one there who knew how to treat it, and it was soon known that the king must die. He sent for the young man who had sped the dart, and said to him:

“Knave! what have I done to thee that thou didst seek to take my life?”

“What hast thou done to me?” said the young man. “Thou hast slain all my near kin with thine own hands. Let me die now as thou wilt. I care not, since thou, too, must die, and through me the world is well quit of thee.”

The king gave the young man one long look and then said: “Go in peace—I will not hurt thee, thou art free.” Then he sank back on his couch and was dead. His lords would not heed his last words, but took the youth and slew him.

John, who had the name of Lack-Land, as a sort of joke, was made king at once, though there was a child who was the real heir of the throne.

This child was Ar-thur, the son of Geof-frey. The boy was in the charge of the French king, but he did not care for him, save to stir up strife for England. Poor Ar-thur was a fine boy, but with the King of France and John of England he was like a lamb in the paws of a wolf. John had a fear that the boy might be made king, and he would have been glad to have put him out of the way but did not quite dare to do so. So he thought he would have Ar-thur's eyes put out, and then he would not be fit to be a king and he could keep him in jail all his life. He told a man who had Ar-thur in charge to put his eyes out, but Hu-bert paid two bad men to do it. When they came with their red hot bars to burn his eyes, the poor child wept and knelt and plead with them so sore that none of them had the heart to do the work.

But King John had no such soft heart. Ar-thur was in his way, as he thought, and he made up his mind that the boy must die. So he took him from Hu-bert, who was too kind to suit the king, and put him in a sort of jail in Rou-en. There one night Ar-thur heard a loud knock at the gate. You may be sure his heart beat fast with fear when he saw the king and one of his men, a tool who would do as he was told. The name of this vile man was Ma-luc. He took the boy by the arm and gave

him a death stab in his heart, then threw his corpse in the Seine, while the king stood by to see it done.

This act was so vile that the lords and chief men of the land sent word to the king that if he were not more just and wise he must give up his crown, for they would not have him to rule them. They said John must swear to rule them by the good old English laws which had come down from the times ere the Nor-mans came. At first John would not hear them, but when he found that he must do so he said if they would fix a place he would meet them and do the best for England. So they met the king at a place by the name of Run-ney-mede, near Wind-sor. There they gave him a sheet on which were put down good laws by which kings could be kept from too stern and harsh a rule, and the folks might have some rights that none could take from them.

King John did hate to put his seal to this, but there was no way for him to get out of it and keep the crown, so he had to do it. This was known as Mag-na Char-ta, which means that it was a great chart of good laws for England.

But John did not mean to keep it, though he had put his seal to it. He had such a greed for gold that it was hard for him not to throw folks in jail and take all their wealth when he chose. So all

the time his aim was to cheat the lords and the poor folks, and he did not keep his word. At last the English were at their wits' end and felt that they could not bear it, so they sent word to the French king that if he would come and free them from this brute he might have England. Of course Louis came as fast as he could. John fled, and half-sick with rage and grief he went to spend a night with some monks on the way, when some fruit and ale made him so ill that death came in a few days and rid the land of him, to its great joy.

Henry the Third was but nine years old when he was made king. The next thing was to get rid of the French and to win those lords back who had fought on his side. A good man by the name of Hubert de Burgh took the charge of things while the king was a child, and soon all the lords came back to swear they would serve the young king. Louis lost a fight at Lincoln, and when his wife sent him more troops Hubert de Burgh got ships and sank those of the foe and drove them out so that they had to go home and leave England in peace.

Henry's reign was a long one and a sad one for England. As he grew up he took bad men for his friends, and they made him do as they chose. He was led to let them take the good Hubert de

Burgh and put him in jail. But when they sought for a smith to put chains on his feet the man said he would not forge chains for the feet of the brave man who had freed his land from the French. So at last the good man got free and went to Flanders to live. The king and his men spent much gold



AR-REST OF HU-BERT DE BURGH.

and put more than one tax on the poor folks to get it. The Par-liament, which is the name of the band of men who make the laws, made up their minds that they would not let the king have more funds to waste if they could help it. The king was at his wits' end to get gold, and at last took the cross as if he meant to go on a Cru-sade.

He thought by this means he would get some funds, but he got none.

At last the Par-li-a-ment said that if he would swear to keep all the laws in the Great Char-ter they would vote him a large sum. Of course Hen-ry told them he would do so, and he met all the great lords and chiefs of the land. The priests stood up in their robes with lights in their hands, and as the arch-bish-op read the curse for all who should break the laws of the Great Char-ter in En-gland, the lights were put out one by one, and the king swore to keep the Char-ter, "As I am a man, as I am a Christ-ian, as I am a knight, as I am a king."

It was a light thing for this king to make oaths or to break them. So as soon as he had the gold he went on in the old way. When he had no more funds he set to work in his old style to beg for them.

Hen-ry III. did one good thing for En-gland. He built West-min-ster Ab-bey as it now stands. When he had gold he gave it in a free way to those in need. When a child was born to him he gave its weight in coin to the poor. But things were left in such a loose way that at times there would be nought in the place for the king and queen to eat, till his men went and took sheep or fowls from the poor men.



THE PRIESTS AND THE LIGHTS.

round. The king broke all the laws of Mag-na Char-ta as he chose. The Par-lia-ment at last met, and this time they came in arms. They told him that as they found he would not keep his word, they would have one of their own men to watch him. The man they chose was Si-mon de Mont-fort, and it was his work to see that the king did not break the laws or take gold from the folks who did not wish to give it. The king was in a rage, but he had to swear that he would do as they chose. But Hen-ry could not rest. He felt that he was not a king while he was held by such bonds. His son Ed-ward was now grown up, and they both got the help of the king of France, who thought that an oath made in such a way need not be kept. So the king and his friends got troops to go with them to fight for what they said were their rights, and Si-mon de Mont-fort and the lords met him at a place by the name of Lew-es. Si-mon and the lords won the day and took the king, and Rich-ard and Ed-ward had to give up. Si-mon de Mont-fort had the real rule of the land for a time, though he let Hen-ry still have the name of a king. He kept a watch on him lest he should get out of En-gland, and he held Ed-ward in jail. Si-mon was a true and kind man, who had the best good of the realm at heart, but he had sons who were proud

and hard, and prone to treat all who came in their way so ill that the lords could not get on with them. One of these lords sent Edward a fine horse, and one day when the prince took a ride with his guards he said to them: "Try which of you has the best horse." So they went to work and ran a race till their steeds were quite worn out. Then Edward put spurs to his fine fresh horse and rode off to the friends who were in wait for him. All who were not friends to the Mont-forts made haste to join him, so that he had soon quite a large force.



BURIAL OF HENRY III.

He met Mont-fort and his troops with the poor old king in their midst at Eves-ham. In the fight the king would have been thrown down and slain but for his cry, "Save me, save me! I am Henry of Winchester." His son heard the call, ran to him and bore him off to a safe place. Mont-fort knew

from the first that there was no hope for him, but he fought on and fell like a brave man on the field of the fight.

Ed-ward won the day and set King Hen-ry on his throne once more in peace, but took good care that the laws of Mag-na Char-ta should be kept. Then he set out on a Cru-sade, and while he was gone the King's death came to pass. There have been few kings who have had such long reigns as Hen-ry of Win-ches-ter. In his time the first Par-lia-ment sat. The word is from the French, and means a talk. The king has no right to get gold from the folks save when the Par-lia-ment grants it. The Par-lia-ment has a House of Lords, made up of men of high birth, and there are, too, men who are sent from the towns and farms to speak the minds of the folks who live there.

CHAPTER IX.

ED-WARD I.

ED-WARD I. was one of the best and most wise of kings. When he heard that Hen-ry was dead he came home at once and brought with him his

sweet and good wife El-ean-or of Castile, who had been his nurse when he had a sore wound. He had been brought back to health by her care. She won the love of the whole land. Ed-ward kept all the laws of Mag-na Char-ta, and taught the folks what he had seen that was of use in the lands where he had been in his youth, how to care for their beasts, and to raise the best kind of grass for them; how to plant new things in their fields that would be good for food.

You know that most of the old Brit-ons who had fled from the Sax-ons had gone to live in Wales, where the foes could not get to them, as it is a wild land of rocks and hills.

They had tribes each with a



COIN OF ED-WARD I.

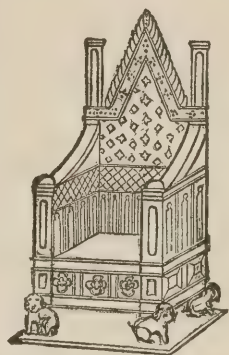
prince of its own. There was one in North Wales and one in South Wales, and one in the rest of the land. The men on the line near En-land thought they still had a right to all they could take, and they would go and burn a house and steal the cows and sheep when they chose. King Ed-ward sought to make friends with them and to get them to keep the peace. But they would not, so he had to go to war with them. The two men who were at the head of the land were slain in this war, and the king won the day. Then he told the Welsh

that if they would meet him at *Caer-nar-von Cas-tle* he would give them a prince who had been born in their land and could not speak a word that was not Welsh. They all came and the king met them with his new-born babe in his arms. It had been born in *Caer-nar-von Cas-tle*, and of course it could not speak a word at all. The Welsh had to take him for their prince, and the King had a Welsh nurse for him, so that the first word he spoke might be Welsh. Since that day the first-born son of the King of *En-gland* is known as the Prince of Wales.

For a long time Wales was in a sad state. The *En-glish* kings did not treat the Welsh as well as they did their own folks. The Welsh felt that this was not right, and they would now and then try to set up a prince of their own.

Now it came to pass that while *Ed-ward* was king of *En-gland* death took the Scotch king, and he left no sons. There were two young men near kin to him, *Rob-ert Bruce* and *John Ba-li-ol*. Both set up claims to the crown, but as they could not both be kings they made up their minds to ask King *Ed-ward* to judge for them. He chose *John Ba-li-ol* for *Scot-land's* king, but at the same time he said he was lord of *Scot-land*, and that he meant to see that the laws were kept there. So if a Scotch-man

thought that he had cause to find fault with aught, he would go to the King of En-gland with his case. This put the folks of Scot-land and John Ba-li-ol in a rage, for they thought they ought to have the rule of their own land. So the Scots went to war and had the worst of it, for they lost, and all the best part of their land fell into Ed-ward's hands. The king, in fact, had made up his mind to join Scot-land to En-gland and rule it all as one land. But the Scots did not see things in the same light. The men who were sent to rule them were most harsh, and did not treat them in the right way. There was one man, Sir Wil-liam Wal-lace, who had lost his home and wealth at the hands of these men, who fled to the woods and hills, and drew a large throng with him. They fought Ed-ward's troops with the hope that they might free Scot-land from his yoke, and at first they won. The troops of Ed-ward fled, and the Scots gave chase. Wal-lace led his men into En-gland and burnt homes and laid waste all in his course, to make up for what the Scots had lost. But he could not stand in the face of the large force brought by Ed-ward to fight him, and he had to take to the woods once more. Ed-



COR-O-NA-TION CHAIR.

ward sent out word that he would let all who would lay down their arms go free. Most of the band gave up, but Wallace still hid in the woods till one of his own men was so vile as to tell the English where he was. They took him and sent him to London, where the king had him put to death. But his name still lives in songs and tales to this day. This did not end the war, for Robert Bruce was now king, and he, too, sought to drive out the English troops who had been left to guard all the Scotch towns. This made a new war for a long time. Edward was in a rage and set out with his son and more troops to put down this new strife. But first he gave a charge to his son that if he should die ere the task was done he would take it up and go on with it. The king was weak and ill at the time, and he had a fear that the end was near.

Bruce lost a fight and fled to Ireland, where he lay hid for a long time. Edward spent the time in a raid on all that were kin to Bruce. He would not spare one of them, young or old, but put all to death and took their goods and lands. In the spring Bruce came forth to the fray once more, and at times he won, at times lost. Edward, who was worse in health and near his death, still held his course, his face to the foe; but at last he had to yield to a foe more strong—death!

CHAPTER X.

ED-WARD II.

ED-WARD THE SEC-OND, the first Prince of Wales, was now king. This young man had a friend by the name of Pier Gav-es-ton. The old king did not like this friend, and had made his son swear an oath to him on his death bed that he would give him up. But as soon as the king was dead his son broke the oath. He sent for his friend, ran into his arms, and was so full of joy at the sight of him that he did not seem to care for aught else. Now this young man, Pier Gav-es-ton, was wild and bad, and led the king into all sorts of vice. The king gave him great wealth and rank, so that the lords at the court grew to hate and fear him. They said the king should have no more gold till he got rid of this bad man. Ed-ward sent Gav-es-ton off till he got the funds, then he met him with them and the two spent them in feasts and play. In the meantime Bruce went on with his plans to free Scot-land.

The lords once more took a vow that the king must give up his friend and that if Gav-es-ton should dare to come to En-gland he would be put

to death. The poor weak king plead-ed for him with tears in his eyes. Then he was so mad as to think he might bring Gav-es-ton back in spite of them, and he did so and gave him more rank and wealth. The lords laid siege to a house where the friend was, and took him. It had been Gav-es-ton's way, when he was at court, to call the lords names in jest, and to show that he did not fear them. So the next day when he put on his clothes he was sent for to come down to the court yard. It was full of men in arms. He grew pale when the man who led them said: "I think you know me. I am the Black Dog of Ar-den-ne." Gav-es-ton did know him, and the name was one which he had been wont to call him in scorn—but now he was to feel the Black Dog's teeth. They took him out and struck off his head.

The king was full of grief and rage when he heard of it, and made war on the lords at once. Both sides were in arms for half a year. As soon as this war was at an end Ed-ward had to go and meet Bruce once more. A great fight took place at Ban-nock-burn, and the Scots won the day, so that Ed-ward was glad to get back home and to say that he would leave Scot-land free from that time, and their kings should rule them with no help from the kings of En-gland. Plague and want of

food now came to add woe to the bad days for England. But the weak king took a new friend, and did not seem to mind it at all. This new friend was a brave, fine young man by the name of Hugh De-spen-ser. He might have won the love of all if he had not been the friend of the king, but this made men hate him.



COIN OF ED-WARD II.

At last the queen said that the king gave all his wealth to his friend, and there would be none left for the prince. She had no love for the king, who had not sought to win it, but spent all on his friends. So now the queen went to France to get men to help her. All who did not like De-spen-ser were her friends, and she led the young prince to try to take the realm from the king. Ed-ward fled to Wales, but they took him at last, and put De-spen-ser to death.



SHIP.

Then they made Ed-ward say that he was not fit to reign, and that he would give up the crown to his son. They then threw him in jail and kept him there with poor food and in great want and scorn, and the guards would mock him and crown him with hay. And when they found that he was too strong to die of bad food and a damp cell

they had him slain one night in such a way that his cries and shrieks were heard by all who were near the house, but none were there who could help the poor weak king.

The Queen Is-a-bel-la had a vile friend by the name of Mor-ti-mer, and the two took the rule of the land in their own hands. The young King Ed-ward III. was a boy of twelve, but as soon as he grew to know what vile acts had been done, he had some of the queen's worst friends put to death. Mor-ti-mer was hung at Ty-burn. Then the king shut up Queen Is-a-bel-la where she could work no more harm.

Ed-ward III. had a good wife by the name of Phil-ip-pa. She was fond of En-gland, and did a great deal of good there. She brought men who knew how to make cloth from her own land, and they taught the En-GLISH their trade. So that now En-gland is the chief place in the world for wool and cloth.

Queen Phil-ip-pa had new schools built in Ox-ford, and brought to En-gland a wise man by the name of Frois-sart, that he might see the land and write of it all, in a book which you may read to this day. Chau-cer, the first man who wrote verse of note, was a friend of the queen. And in this reign folks left off the Nor-man French that

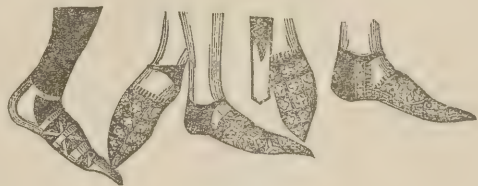
they spoke and learn-ed to speak En-glish in much the same way they do now. John Wick-liff, with his friends, sought in this reign to write the Bi-ble in En-glish, so that all might read it.

Queen Phil-lip-pa brought up her girls and boys in the best way, and her first-born son, who was known as the Black Prince, from his dress, was thought to be one of the most brave youths in the world. While war made the king leave his home, the queen took good care of all. When Charles King of France

was dead he left no sons, so King Ed-ward, who was near kin to him, set up a claim to the throne.

But there was one Phil-ip

who was quite as near kin, and thought he ought to be king, and the two went to war. The poor folks in France and En-gland had a hard time while these wars went on, though some of the great ones won fame by their brave deeds. The Par-lia-ment were so glad for the En-glish to win that they gave great sums to keep up the war, and the tax all fell on the poor, so that it was hard for them to live.



SHOES.

At the first of this war there was a great sea fight near a town by the name of Sluys, on the

coast of Flan-ders. In the place of guns to fire from the ships, they had great stones for the men to throw when they were near, and bows to shoot when they were far off. There was, too, a great fight on land which Ed-ward won, at a place by the name of Cre-cy. The French had three times the men that the En-glish had at Cre-cy, so King Ed-ward knew he must place his men with care or they would lose the day. He sent his son on to lead in this fight, though he was a mere boy. It was three on a hot day when the first move was made on the foe, and the fight was kept up till dark. Some one had a fear that the young prince would be hurt, and sent to beg the king to come and help him. "Is he hurt?" said the king. "No." "Then," said the king, "he will do well, and I choose that he shall win the fame of the day." Two kings, who had come to help the French king, and a host of men were slain. The En-glish lost but few. When the king met his son he took him in his arms with a cry of joy and said: "My brave son, go on in this way; you have shown that you are fit to be a king."

A year from that time King Ed-ward laid siege to Ca-lais, which is on the coast of France. The brave folks in it held out for a year, but then they had to give up for want of food. The king had a mind



THE BLACK PRINCE AND KING JOHN.

to deal with them in a most harsh way—in fact he was in such a rage that they had held out so long, he said he would hang them all. But his chief men plead-ed for them. And then he said if six of their chief men would come and bring him the keys of the gates, with naught on but their shirts and ropes round their necks, he would hang them and spare the rest.

When the folks of Ca-lais heard these hard terms they said they would all starve and die ere they would give up their brave men to such a death.

But there were six good brave men who said they would be glad to die to save the rest of the town. So they took the keys and went out with bare heads and bare feet and naught on but their shirts and the ropes, as King Ed-ward had said.

When the king saw them he sent for the man to cut off their heads ; but the queen was in his tent, and she came out and fell on her knees and plead-ed for them, and would not get up till the king said he would spare their lives. But he kept Ca-lais, so the war with France went on.

The next fight in which King Ed-ward won fame was at Poic-tiers. The Black Prince was there with a small force, but he led them in such a way that they won the day, though the French had five men where he had one. The King of France and his

son fell into the hands of the Black Prince, who brought them to his tent and made them sup with him and gave them the best he had to eat. When Prince Ed-ward brought them to Lon-don he let King John ride on his own fine white horse, while he rode near to wait on him. John was set free when peace was made, but his folks could not pay the fine, so he went back of his own will into the hands of the En-GLISH, and his death came to pass in En-land.

The Black Prince, on whom the En-GLISH had set their hopes, did not live to wear the crown. There was great grief for him, as he had shown that he had a kind heart as well as a wise head, and such kings were rare. He left a boy of ten, who was made king at once when Ed-ward the Third was dead.

CHAPTER XI.

HARD TIMES.

IT is hard for a land whose king is a child, and so En-land did not have good times when the son of the Black Prince came to the throne. For there

were three sons of the old King Ed-ward who each one sought to have the rule in his own hands, and they did not care for the good of the young king or for their land. The poor were ground down and were slaves to the rich. They had to pay a tax on this and a tax on that till they had scarce food to eat. A new tax by the name of the poll tax was made in King Rich-ard's reign, and the folks rose in a rage at it. One of them by the name of Wat Ty-ler struck down a rude man who came to his house to get this poll tax, and the blow was the cause of his death. The folks in the town came with sticks, and scythes, and flails, and took the part of Wat Ty-ler. He told them to come with him and march up to Lon-don and tell the king of their wrongs. As they went, more and more folks came to join them, and it was a wild throng by the time they got to Lon-don. They lay in the grass all night round the Tow-er, and when day came they said they must speak to the king. He came in his barge to see them, but his friends, who had seen the strange horde, had fear for his life and took him back. The next day the king rode on his horse in the midst of the mob to try and find out the truth. While Wat Ty-ler spoke to the king he laid his hand on him, and some one thought that he meant to stab him, so the Lord

May-or rode up to him and dealt the poor man such a blow that he fell from his horse, and some one thrust him through with a sword. The mob did not seem to know what to do, when the king rode forth and said: "Good folks, have you lost the man who led you? That man was false. I, your king, will lead you!" Then he rode at their head out into the fields, and they were told to state their wrongs, and he said he would do what he could for them; so they went home. Rich-ard did seem to wish to give up some of the laws that were so hard

on the poor, but his lords would not let him. He was a mere youth, and he was fond of feasts and fine clothes, and glad



HEAD-DRESS-ES.

to let all things go and the world wag as it might if he had a good time. He said his fun did not cost as much as King Ed-ward's wars, so he made peace with France, that he might have funds for his fine clothes and his feasts and gifts for his friends. Thus En-gland lost its fame, while the king spent the gold of the land for gems, and rings, and fur robes in which knights were dressed to ride and tilt in sham fights.

The Duke of Glou-ces-ter was glad to find

fault with the king and to stir up the English to do so, and Richard grew to fear him. So he had men to sieze the duke and take him to Calais. In three days news came that he was dead, and no one knew if he had been put to death or if grief and rage had brought on a fit. John, Duke of Lancaster, and son, too, of King Edward III., was an old man and did his best to be friends with the king, but he had a son by the name of Henry who was a fine, brave young man, and Richard had great fear of him. So he made some charge and sent him out of the land to stay ten years. Then, when the Duke of Lancaster was dead, the king took all his lands and wealth, to which, of course, he had no right. Henry, the duke's son, would not bear this, and he knew that most of the English thought it was not fair. So he went at once to England, and as soon as he set foot on its shore the folks came in crowds to join him. For by this time they had naught but hate for their king. Henry thought there was a chance to get the crown, and he made haste back from Ireland. But he found no friends save a false one, who gave him up to his foes. They took him to London and made him say in the face of Parliament that his rule had been so bad he was not fit to be king. Then they made him swear that he would give up the throne

to Hen-ry of Lan-cas-ter. He was sent to Pon-te-fract Cas-tle and kept there all the rest of his life, and we do not hear of him more.

Hen-ry IV. did not find a smooth path for his feet when he did get the crown. The Welsh took up arms for Rich-ard, and the Scotch gave him no rest. The Earl of North-um-ber-land, who was Rich-ard's false friend, thought the king could not do too much for him for his help to win the crown. This earl had a fine son who was so rash and brave that he had the name of Har-ry Hot-spur. This young man led the troops on the Scotch and beat them and took hosts of them. The king sent to have these Scotch-men brought to Lon-don, which put the proud young Hot-spur in a rage, so he went off to Wales and took his men with him. There they found more to join them, and they got a large force to fight King Hen-ry. The Prince of Wales, whose name was Hen-ry, too, was a brave, fine youth, and fought well. King Hen-ry won the day, and Hot-spur got his death in this fight. But the Welsh were not put down, and the king had no peace. He did not know whom to trust, for he met plots on all sides. Friends were not true to him, so at last he grew to think that all men were his foes. In time he would not trust his son, Prince Hal, and put slights on him of all sorts.

He grew old ere his time, and was ill and had fits. His last charge was to his son Hen-ry. He said the Prince should keep up the war with France, or the En-GLISH would not let him rest on his throne. The death of Hen-ry IV. was in 1413.

CHAPTER XII.

HEN-RY V., OF MON-MOUTH.

THE young Prince Hal had been a gay youth and fond of all sorts of pranks, but it seems clear that most of them were mere fun and did no harm. When he was made a king he gave up all his wild friends, and his aim was to lead a new life in a grave and wise way. Still he thought it right to make war on France. The poor old King of France was mad, and his wife was bad, and the land was in a sad state. Fights went on till the streets of Par-is ran red with blood. Hen-ry thought he could set things to rights, and he got troops and went into Nor-man-dy. There he sent out a call to the folks to own him as their true king, and then, he said, he would let no harm come to them.

He laid siege to Har-fleur, both by sea and land,

for five weeks, at which time the town gave up. He let the folks go out of it with part of their clothes and five pence each. All the rest that they had he took for his own men, yet the troops were still in want of much. But the king said he would not go back till he had struck a great blow. So he went on with his small force on the road to Ca-lais. When he came to a stream by the name of Somme, he could not cross, for there was a fort at the ford. As he went on the right bank to look for a place to cross, the French made a move on the left bank to watch him. They laid in wait to fight when the En-*g*-lish should try to cross. In the end the En-*g*-lish did cross the stream. The French then sent word to King Hen-ry to know by which road he meant to go. "By the road that will take me straight to Ca-lais," said the king; and he sent them off with the gift of a sum of gold, for he sought to make friends as far as he could.

The En-*g*-lish went on till they saw the French, and then the king gave the word for them to form the line for the fight. The French had six men to one of the En-*g*-lish, and most of them were of high rank and the first blood in the land.

It had been their way to laugh at the bows of the En-*g*-lish as things not fit for the hands of men of birth. The French had spent the night in feasts

and mirth, but the English sought God's help, while the king rode from tent to tent to see that each man was in his place. He rode on a gray horse and wore a gold crown on his head, and on his clothes were wrought the arms of England and France. He told his men that he had made up his mind to win the fight or die, and that England would not have to pay a price to the French for him. He said he did not wish for one more man, as the less their force the more great would be their fame when they won the day. As the French did not make a move he sent off two men, one to lie in a wood to the left of the French and one to set fire to a house at the back of them. Then the English rose up with a great shout and fell upon the French. Each bow-man had a great stake with a strong tip. This stake they thrust in the ground, shot off their darts, and fell back. So when the grand French knights rode up to the fray such a storm of darts fell on them that they had to break and turn. Horse and man would fall and roll in the dust. Those who made out to get up and strive to charge the bow-men found the ground so much of a bog that they could not keep their feet, and the English cut them to bits root and branch. Then the dense mass of French troops, whose arms were of great weight, sank knee-deep in the mire, while



HEN-RY THE FIFTH.

the light En-*g*-lish troops were as fresh and strong as if they fought on a floor. And now the fight grew more fierce and the Duke of *Clarence* fell. The French came round him in a mass, but King *Henry* fought them off. Then came a band of French knights, with a lord at their head, who had sworn to kill or take the En-*g*-lish king. One of them struck him such a blow with an ax that it made him reel and fall on his knees; but his men made haste to close round him and they slew the whole band, so that French lord could not keep his oath. The French Duke of *Alençon* saw this, and he made a fierce charge and cut his way up to the flag of En-*g*-land to take it. He beat down the Duke of *York*, who stood near, and when the king came to his aid he struck off a piece of the crown he wore. But that was the last blow he made, for as he told the king who he was, he fell dead, struck by a score of darts.

This death brought the fight to an end. The third part of the French force, which had not yet struck a blow, broke and fled. Then it was known that the En-*g*-lish had won the fight. The loss was great on the French side. Three dukes were slain and seven counts, and hosts of knights and men of birth lay dead on the field. This was known as the fight of *Agincourt*.

When the king went home once more he was met with cheers, and men made a plunge in the waves ere he could reach the shore to bear him to land on their backs. Crowds came from each town through which he went, and they hung rich stuffs out, and wreaths, and made the founts run with wine as the great field of A-gin-court had run with blood.

King Hen-ry kept Har-fleur and took a great part of Nor-man-dy. He took, too, the great town of Rou-en, which stood out a siege of a year. This made the French think it would be a good plan to talk of terms of peace. So they met the En-GLISH on a plain by the Seine. The poor mad king could not be there, but the queen came, and with her the fair young Prin-cess Kath-a-rine, and King Hen-ry saw her for the first time, and his heart was won. And so in the end Hen-ry made peace, on the terms that he should have the Prin-cess Kath-a-rine for his wife, and that he should be made Re-gent of France for the rest of the mad king's life, and have the throne at his death. And so peace came once more, and the poor French folk were glad, though they were in such want of food that some of them fell dead in the streets of Par-is. And now with a fair wife to cheer him, and his foes dead, and in time a son born to bring him new joy, all was bright for the king.

But his health was worn out by this time, and he grew quite weak and ill. He sent for his friends when he knew he was to die, and gave his son to their charge. Then he told the priest to chant a psalm for him, and ere it was done his last breath was drawn. He had been a kind and wise king, and he was most dear to the hearts of all English-men. There was great grief at his death. He was in the prime of life, and so brave that his mere name kept his foes in check. He had seen that the laws were put in force for the good of all, and more than this, he had sought to keep the laws of God.

His son, Hen-ry the Sixth, was but a babe when he was made King of En-gland and France. He was a meek and mild child, not as brave and strong and firm as his friends would have been glad to have found him. The war in France went on all the time, for the Dau-phin, the son of King Charles, had friends who fought for him as their real king. The Duke of Bed-ford held the rights of Hen-ry, and kept the lands that had been won in the north and south-west.

But just at this time, when the French were worn out with war, a strange thing came to pass to help them. In a small place in the wild hills of Lor-raine there dwelt a young girl by the name of

Joan of Arc. It had been her work as a child to tend sheep on the wild hills, and she had heard ghost tales and talk of dreams, and had seen strange shapes in the clouds and mists that swept by. The folk then in that part of the land had a child's faith in dreams and signs, so it was not strange to them to hear that the girl Joan had seen signs, that saints had come to her with crowns on their heads, or that a voice had said, "Jeanne, thou art sent by God to go and help France." There is no doubt that Jean thought she heard and saw these things. This went on till she could not rest, but went off to find the Dau-phin. A French lord bought her a horse and a sword, and gave her two squires to lead her. The voice had told Jean that she must wear a man's dress, so she put one on and girt her sword to her side and bound spurs to her heels and rode on till she came to the place where the Dau-phin was. It was strange that she knew how to pick him out at once from all the rest. She told him that there was an old, old sword in the church of St. Cath-a-rine, at Frei-bois, and that it had five marks of a cross on it, and the voice had said that was the sword she must wear. Just at this time the English had laid siege to Or-leans, and there was small hope for the French. So the Dau-phin was glad to catch at a straw. Joan told

him God had sent her to get back his realm for him, and that she would drive out the English from the soil of France and lead him to Rheims, where the crown of France should be set on his head.

When she spoke of the old sword no one had heard of it, but when they sought it in the church it was found. So then the French put their trust in the maid, and the English were full of fear, for they thought she was a witch. Joan got on a horse once more and rode on and on till she came to Orleans. She rode now on a snow white war horse, and her coat of arms shone in the sun. She bore a white flag in front of her with the words "Je-su Ma-ri-a" on it, and in this grand state, at the head of a great mass of troops, they bore food to the poor folks in Orleans. When those on the walls saw her there went up a shout: "The Maid has come." And this and the sight of the Maid at the head of their men made the French so brave, and gave the English such doubts, that their line of forts soon gave way, the French troops got in the town, and Orleans was all their own once more. From that time Joan was known as the Maid of Orleans. The English troops were still at the walls, but the men had no heart to fight, for, they said, it was of no use to strive with a witch.

Still they held the bridge and some strong posts on the bridge, and here the Maid fought them for a whole day. She was once struck by an English dart in the neck and fell in the trench; but she soon said that a voice spoke to her and the pain was gone and she rose to fight once more. When the English, who had seen her fall and thought her dead, saw this they had strange fears. Some of them said that they saw Saint Michael on a white horse, and that he fought for the French. So they lost heart and gave up the bridge. The next day they set their chain of forts on fire and left the place. They went, with Lord Suffolk at their head, to a town a few miles off, but the Maid of Orleans and her troops laid siege to them there and took him. As her white flag was seen to scale the walls, Joan was struck on the head with a stone, and once more she fell in a ditch. But her cry was "On, on, my friends! Fear not, for the Lord will give them into our hands." And so it was; and from that time she won all in her way. She then told the Dauphin, who had kept out of the way of the fights, that he must go to Rheims for his crown. The Dauphin made no haste to do this, for Rheims was a long way off, and the English were still strong in the land through which the road lay. But at last he set forth with a large force, and the

Maid of Or-leans rode on her white war horse at their head, and at last they came to Rheims. She took all the towns in her way.

In the great church of Rheims it came to pass as she had said, and the Dau-phin had the crown put on his head with great pomp. The Maid stood with her white flag at the side of the king in this great hour. Then she knelt to him and said with tears that what the voice had told her to do she had done, and now all that she would ask for would be leave to go back to her dear home. The king said "No," but that he would raise all her kin to high rank, and he went on to fix a sum of gold for her that she was to have each year.

So the Maid had to stay and go on and help the king, and she did great things for him. She led a good pure life, there is no doubt of that. And oft she would beg and pray the king to let her go, and once she took off her bright coat of arms and hung it up in a church and said she would wear it no more. But the king won her back, so she went on to her doom.

At last, in a fight the poor maid was struck once more and fell in a ditch. There she was left by the troops and had to crawl out as best she could. The chief men of the French did not like her. They felt shame that a girl should have done what they

could not do. At last, at the seige of Com-peign, the troops left her in a base way. She fought to the last, till an English-man tore her off her horse. Then they put her in jail, and they sought to make her out a witch. They would bring her to court and try to prove all sorts of things from her word, and then take her back and shut her up once more. The poor young thing clung to life, and at last said she would not wear a man's dress or fight more. Then they put her back in her cell, and the voice came back to her. At last they said she must be burnt for a witch in the great square at Rou-en. There they brought her out, and some priests and great men in the Church sat in the crowd to look on. She was seen to hold the Cross in her hands in all the fire and smoke, and she was last heard to call on the name of Christ. So to the great shame of En-gland and France the Maid of Or-leans was put to death. The king, for whom she had won a throne, did not lift a hand to save her. Not one in his court said a word for her. She had been true to them, brave and good, but they were false to her, and it stands to their shame for all time to come.

In the square where this vile deed was done there stands to-day, wrought in stone, the form of the Maid of Or-leans.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR OF THE ROSES.

HEN-RY THE SIXTH, of Wind-sor, grew to be a weak man who had no strength of will. His wife, Mar-ga-ret of An-jou, who was fierce and bold, had things for the most part her own way. The king was good and mild, and would read and pray and praise God all the time, while his queen rode rough shod, as it were, through his realm. He did one good thing for his land. He built E-ton College, a grand school which has done much for the minds of some of En-gland's best men. In the mean time the folks grew to hate and fear the queen, for they saw that her foes were put to death in all sorts of ways. At last they thought it would be best to take the crown from this weak king, who was so ill at times that he did not speak for days. The one they thought of for king was the Duke of York.

It is said some of the chief lords spoke of this one day as they took a walk in some grounds, and one of them took the king's part. He said that though the king was weak his son Ed-ward

might be wise, and that for his part he and his house would fight for King Hen-ry. Then he told all who were of the same mind to do as he did and pluck a red rose and wear it in their caps to show that they meant to fight for the House of Lan-cas-ter.

Each of the lords who were for the Duke of York took a white rose and put in his cap to show they would be true to the House of York, and so for a score and a half of years there was a sad war in En-gland, which took the name of the War of the Ro-ses. The first fight was at St. Al-bans, and those for York won. Then there was peace for a few years, and the Duke of York had the rule. But the queen found means to come back to En-gland, and to get a great force with which she fought the duke's troops more than once, and at last beat them. She cut off the Duke of York's head and stuck a mock crown on it and put it on one of the gates of York.



COSTUMES.

Then a young son of the duke met his death at the hands of one of Mar-ga-ret's friends in such a way that the En-GLISH grew to hate her still more, for they felt she had a hard, bad heart. And crowds

of them left her and went on the side of the house of York, and they made the dead duke's son, Edward, king, so that for ten years there were two kings in England, though one was poor Henry who had lost his wits by this time. Poor England was torn by wars from time to time, and no one felt safe, for laws were not kept. At one time King Henry had to hide in Scotland in woods and caves where he could not get food and was like to die.

Queen Margaret got more troops, but the York-ists beat her at Hexham and sent the king to the Tower. The queen and the young prince got off to the woods. There they fell in the hands of thieves who took the queen's rings and rich gems, and then fought for who should have the most.

While they fought, the queen stole off with her child by the hand, but they met a new foe. The queen fell on her knees and told this man that this boy was the son of his king. The man took them in his care, got them some food, and found a way for them to get to the sea, where they took a ship for Flanders.

But though the queen was gone and Henry was in the Tower, there was no peace for England, for those of the king's own house now set to work to stir up strife. These were the Duke of Clarence and Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Then

there was the Earl of War-wick, who fought now on this side, now on that, so that he got the name of king-maker. Once he brought poor Hen-ry out and put him on the throne and Ed-ward had to fly. Then Ed-ward came back and War-wick was slain in a bat-tle at Bar-net, and Hen-ry was sent back to the Tow-er.



QUEEN MAR-GA-RET.

Queen Mar-ga-ret came once more with her young son and all the force she could get, and there was a fight at Tewkes-bury. There the queen and young Prince Ed-ward fell into the hands of the fierce Duke of York. He said to the boy: "How didst thou dare come to En-gland?" "I came to try and get back the crown for King

Hen-ry," said the youth. King Ed-ward struck him in the face, and at that sign Clar-ence and Glou-ces-ter put an end to the poor boy's life. Then King Ed-ward sent the queen to the Tow-er, and at last the French king paid a large sum to have her set free. Hen-ry was found dead one day in his cell at the Tow-er, and it was thought he had been put to death. So, as all his foes were slain, King Ed-ward spent his time in feasts. The Duke of Clar-ence, who did not like the queen or her kin, was sent to the Tow-er. The near ties of blood did not make Ed-ward spare him, and he was put to death. But the king did not live long to taste the joys of peace. There is not much good to be said of him, save that he had a fine face and form and was brave. But he was fierce to his foes, and self was his god. He did not care for the folks of his land, yet it was in this reign that books in print were first brought in to En-gland. The art had been found out in Ger-man-y, but no one had set up a press in En-gland till one Cax-ton put one up in Lon-don. In this reign, too, small guns were made that each man could bear in his arms, so that there was a great change in the mode of war.

King Ed-ward did not live to see much of these things, for his feasts had done so much harm to

his health that his life came to an end ere he was an old man.

King Ed-ward left two sons, who were boys at the time of his death. The first-born, whose name was Ed-ward, was sent for at once. Now Rich-ard, Duke of Glou-ces-ter, of whom you have heard, who was known as Crook-back, from his odd form, had a wish to have the crown. But there were lords in En-land who had made up their mind that this should not be. So when the young prince was brought to Lon-don he was put in the Tow-er to keep him safe, as the duke said. They

*the poore must alWey goo in his right
lyne'*

SPEC-I-MEN OF PRINT-ING.

did their best to watch him and keep him from harm, but Rich-ard of Glou-ces-ter was full of art. He made out in some way to get the young Duke of York in his hands, too, and lodge him in the Tow-er with the young king. Then he had all the lords and friends of the two boys meet him there, as he said he would like to talk of the time when the crown might be set on the head of the young king in the face of all the folks of the land. When he met the lords he came in a rage and said he had heard of plans to put him to death with some drug. With a glance at Lord Hast-ings, one of young Ed-

ward's best friends, he said, in a fierce way: "What should be done with those who make such plans?" "They should fare ill," said Hastings, "if they have done so." "*If?*" Dost thou speak to me with *ifs?*" said Glou-ces-ter, with a roar. "By St. Paul, I will not dine till thy head is off!"

As soon as he had said this he struck his hand on the board and some men in arms came in. He made a sign that they should take Hastings, and they took him out into the court. Then they laid him down with his neck on a log of wood and cut off his head.

Rich-ard went on from this time to put to death more of the young king's friends, and the next thing he did was to get the folks to make him king. As he knew he had no right to the throne, he did not feel at ease till he had made way with the real heirs in the Tow-er.

There was a good man in charge of the Tow-er whose name was Sir Rob-ert Brack-en-bur-y, and it was found that no harm could come to the boys while he was there, so he was sent out of the way. Then one of Glou-ces-ter's tools, by the name of Tyr-rell, was sent to take his place. He got two men to go into the boys' room while they slept and make an end of them. Then they took them down a back stairs and put them in a chest in a

great hole and threw a heap of stones on them. In the course of years some men who were at work there found their bones in that place in a chest. Then they were put in an urn and laid in the tombs of kings at West-min-ster Ab-bey.

Rich-ard Duke of Glou-ces-ter was made king, by the name of Rich-ard III. He made some good laws, and sought to gain the En-glish heart, but they could not like a base man. His reign was short and full of strife. First there was the Duke of Buck-ing-ham, who got some troops to help him make war on Rich-ard, but he lost his head. Then there was a man who was near kin to Rich-ard, whose name was Hen-ry Tu-dor, Earl of Rich-mond. Rich-ard did not love the Earl of Rich-mond, as he knew some thought he ought to be king.

Rich-mond wrote to his friends there if they would help him, he would come and bring gold and men, and En-gland might get rid of her bad king. Some of the best men in the land said they would join him. So Rich-mond came and found men at the shore to greet him with joy.

Rich-ard was brave though he was so base ; so he met Rich-mond at a place by the name of Bos-worth Field, and there was a great fight. Rich-ard was slain and his men fled from the

field. His crown was found on the ground and it was set on the head of Hen-ry Tu-dor. This fight put an end to the War of the Ro-ses. Hen-ry Tu-dor was soon wed to E-liz-a-beth, the child of Ed-ward the Fourth, and so the White Rose and the Red Rose were made to blend. The king took for his badge a great rose half red, half white. You may see it now cut in the stone that marks his tomb in West-min-ster.

Hen-ry the Sev-enth was a stiff, cold man, who, though fond of show, was mean in his ways. The En-glish had small love for him, but they were worn out with war. It was said that he was not kind to his wife. There were two young men who set up claims to the throne in this reign. The first said he was the son of that Duke of Clar-ence who had been put to death in the Tow-er. He found men to fight with him, but he lost the day at Stoke and he was thrown in jail. His real name was Lam-bert, and as the king found him to be a poor weak lad who had been made a tool in the hands of bad men, he took him and kept him to train his hawks.

The next fraud was by a young man who said he was the Duke of York, and that he had got off from the Tow-er when the young King Ed-ward was slain. He, too, found men to take his part, and the

King of Scot-land put such faith in his tale that he gave him a sweet young girl, one of his own kin, for his wife. This man, Per-kin War-beck by name, took up his march with his troops through En-gland and did much harm ere Hen-ry could drive him out. At last the king took him and he was hung at Ty-burn. Hen-ry sent for the wife of this man and took her to his queen, who was kind to her and kept her at the Court.

There was peace in En-gland for years, and the young men had time to read books, which were by that time in print, and



CROWN-ING OF HEN-RY THE SEV-ENTH.

learn things of use to them. In this reign men first found their way to A-mer-i-ca. They told of the new land, the strange trees, and birds, and beasts, and they brought some of the new things with them to show in their homes.

Though Hen-ry the Sev-enth was a mean man, he spent much gold in right ways. He brought men from It-a-ly who could paint and carve in stone, and their works were bought for each grand place that he built. He did much, too, for trade, yet the En-glish did not mourn his death.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEN-RY VIII.

HEN-RY THE EIGHTH now came to the throne in 1509. He had such frank, free ways, such good looks, and skill in all sorts of games, that he won all hearts at first. He was well read, too, and would send for wise men to dine with him that he might talk with them. But as he grew in years he did not grow in grace. There was a great change in him, and he grew hard and cold and fond of self.

He made war at once in Scot-land and France.

The troops were led in to Scotland by the Earl of Sur-rey, a brave and wise man, and he had with him some high born lords and brave knights. The Scotch army was made up of their best men, with their own king, James the Sec-ond, at their head. They met the En-glish at a place by the name of Flod-den Field and fought all day. At one time the Scotch had the best of it, then the En-glish would seem to gain the day. But at last the Scotch found they had lost their king, and they were full of grief. The best and most brave of their land had lost their lives, too, in that sad fight. So they had no more hope and were glad to make peace with En-gland.



OF HEN-RY VIII.

King Hen-ry's war with France did not last long. The young king thought he would like to have some of the fame of war, but when one fight was fought he made peace. This was known as the fight of the spurs, for it is said the French made more use of their spurs to get off than they did of their swords. And ere long there came a young king to the French throne. He is known as Fran-cis I. He was fond of gay feasts and had

as much love for rides and games and the dance as Hen-ry. So the two gay young kings made a plan to meet and have some good times, and so they did. They met near a place by the name of Ar-dres in France. The rich lords of France and En-gland with their wives were there. The tents were of silk and gold work, and the dames wore gowns wrought with gold and gems, and the steeds wore silk cloths with gold fringe, and there were feasts and jousts and a dance each day.

This was known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, for there was so much of that rich ore shown there, both in the tents and in the dress of the lords and dames.

There was a great man who met with the two kings at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. His name was Wol-sey. He was a priest and was known to be such a wise man that the pope gave him the high rank of car-di-nal. A car-di-nal in those days was a great man. He wore a long, fine silk robe with fur on the edge, and in the street he had a red hat on his head with a broad brim.

Car-din-al Wol-sey was a man who knew more than most men of that day. He read Greek, and he built Christ Church at Ox-ford, and a great school at Ips-wich, with part of the wealth he got from the king. But he was proud in his ways, and

the English thought he was to blame for the great tax that was laid on them to pay for the king's wars. So some of them told the king that the cardinal spoke ill of him, and made a boast of his wealth as though he were more rich and great than the king. Then Henry went in to a hot rage and sent to seize all the wealth of the cardinal, and would have cut off his head. But it came to pass that the cardinal was so struck down by grief at the loss of all that he held dear that he fell ill. And with his last breath he said that if he had but "done as much to serve God as he had done to serve his king, He would not have left him in his old age."

The truth was that Henry sought to cast off his wife Katharine, so that he might take a new one, and Wolsey would not help him, for he knew it was a sin. The king had cast his eyes on one of the queen's maids by the name of Anne Boleyn, and he had made up his mind that she should be his wife. He found out all at once that Katharine was not his real wife, as she had been brought to the court for Prince Arthur, the first-born son of Henry Seventh, who was dead. The pope would not give him leave to do this, and time went on till at last a priest by the name of Thomas Cranmer said they might leave it to the wise men in the great schools who knew most of law. Henry said

he would have no more to do with the pope, but would be the head of the church in England and would have things his own way. He said that Katharine was not his wife, and all the rite that had bound him to her was null and void ; so he sent her from him and made haste to wed Anne Boleyn. Poor Katharine did not live but three years from that time. Henry said the English must own him as the head of the church, but there were some of the best men in the land who would not do this, so he had the heads of two of the great men cut off, though they had been his best friends. These were Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More.

Sir Thomas More was one of the most wise men of the day. He had been at school in Oxford, and was well read and could both write and read Greek. He had learned law, and was said to be the first Englishman who could make a speech that would sway the hearts of men as he chose. He had a home where all the best men of the day were glad to meet him and talk with him on grave things, or hear his wife and young folks play and sing, and there he found the best joys of his life. Henry had made him Chancellor of England, which was the place of most high rank on things of law. So when the king chose to take a new wife he had a hope that Sir Thomas More would help him. But



HEN-RY THE EIGHTH.

not all the kings in the world could have made the chan-cel-lor do what he thought was wrong. He did not wish Hen-ry to send off his good wife Kath-a-rine of Ar-ra-gon, and he still held to the pope as the head of the Church. So the king was in a rage with him, and had him thrown in to jail and kept him there a whole year. But he would not say the king was in the right, or that he was the head of the Church. The king then made up his mind to put him to death, and at last said his head should be cut off, and he would not let him see wife or child. But one of his girls, Mar-ga-ret, lay in wait in the street where he must pass as he was led to his death, and ran out to kiss him and to beg him to bless her. Those who saw it wept. So this grand man lost his head, and the king had it stuck on a pole on Lon-don Bridge, but Mar-ga-ret soon made out to get it down, and when she was dead it was put in the same grave with her.

Hen-ry VIII. had his own way and was wed to An-ne Bo-ley-n, but in time she, too, had to feel that the king could change to her as he had done to his first wife. A new face won him, and he made out that the queen had done all sorts of bad things, and then he had her head cut off. On the day of her death she sent to beg that the king would be kind to her child E-liz-a-beth. Her last

words were to say that she had not done the bad things they said, and to pray God to bless the king and the English folk, and then she laid her head on the block.

The next day the king was wed to Jane Seymour, who did not live long, or she might have met a worse fate. She left one child who was Edward the Sixth.

The king's fourth wife was Anne of Cleves. The king did not like her looks, so he soon put her out of his way, but he did not kill her. He gave her a house and funds for her needs, and that was all.

Then came the fifth wife, Lady Catharine Howard; but in a few months the king found out that she was not so good as he had thought, and he made short work with her—her head was cut off.

Yet he found one more dame who did not fear to wed with him. Catharine Parr did not seem to mind the risk she ran, and she kept the king in a good mood, so that she did not lose her head. He was the first to die.

The time of Henry the Eighth was a time of change. In Germany Martin Luther stood forth to teach men that pope or priest should have no right to break laws. And there was a wise man in England by the name of Erasmus, who wrote and taught truths that made the English see how

much of wrong had crept into the Rom-ish Church. Some grew to be foes to the pope and said the priests had too much land and gold, and that some of them led ill lives and made the poor pay too much that they might live well and not work.

There were some who took the part of the pope, and said the priests were wise men and should be kept at ease that they might have time to teach. Hen-ry at first was on the pope's side, and wrote a book with his views and to show how wrong Mar-tin Lu-ther was. But when he found that the pope would not give him leave to wed as he chose, a great change of mind took place. He thought that it would be a good thing for En-gland to have her king and not the pope at the head of her church, and he set to work at once to break up all the homes of the church to make the monks and the nuns turn out. He said they could all go to work, but some of them were too old, or they were not strong, and there were those who had to beg or die of want. Then he took the lands and wealth of the church to do with as he chose. At the same time he would not let all read the Bi-ble as they chose, and they must serve God in his way and not in their own.

Those who were not on the side of the pope and who thought he had not the right to rule, were

known as Prot-est-ants. They would have all learn to read the Bi-ble to find out the true way of life.

The men who did not think that the homes of the church should be torn down, and who still held to the pope as head of the church, were known as Cath-o-lics. King Hen-ry made some harsh laws, and had some who did not keep them burnt to death. One of his worst crimes was that he had the head of the young Earl of Sur-rey struck off but a few days ere his own death, which came in time to save some good men from the flames. There was no one to mourn the death of such a king.

CHAPTER XV.

MA-RY.

ED-WARD THE SIXTH was but nine years old at the death of King Hen-ry the Eighth, and he was made king at once. He was a mild boy and fond of his book, but he was so young that of course he had to have men to rule for him. Those who were near kin to him and those who taught him were Prot-est-ants, so there were laws made by which all the En-glish were told that they must be Prot-est-

ants too. The Bi-ble was read by all, and those who stood up to preach in church had to pray in En-glish and not in Lat-in. The king was to be held as head of the Church, the priests could take wives, and all who were in jail were set free.

For all these things the reign of Ed-ward the Sixth is thought to have been a good one for En-gland. But there were some wrong things done in this reign. The Duke of Som-er-set, who had all the say, as the young king was in his care, took troops into Scot-land and beat the Scots at the fight of Pin-kie. Then Som-er-set said he would make peace if they would give their young Queen Ma-ry to be Ed-ward's wife when he was grown. But Ma-ry's kin were Cath-o-lics, and they said she should not wed a Prot-est-ant, so they sent her off to France.

Some of the En-glish soon grew to hate Som-er-set for his pride, and they made the young king think ill of him. He had torn down more than one church and grand house to build a fine home, which still stands in the same place and bears the name of Som-er-set House.

Now there was one who was as near kin to the king as Som-er-set, and who thought he ought to have all the rule in the land. This was Lord Sey-mour, of Sude-ly, a brave but a bad man. Som-er-

set had him put to death, but soon his foes got the king to sign for his death, too. The poor boy had a kind heart and did not like to sign such things. And though the great lords did not love Som-er-set, the mass of the folk did, and there was great grief when it was known that he was to die. He had been kind to them, and had made laws that were good for En-gland, and they felt he was their friend. Som-er-set bore his fate like a brave man, said a few kind words to those who were in tears for him, and then laid his head on the block.

The young king was not strong, and by this time it grew plain to his friends that he had not long to live. He had a sad, lone sort of life, spite of his crown, for there were few to love him, and those most near to him by blood did not seem to care for him. He grew more and more weak, and they took him to this place and that for change of air. Now the one who was to reign in En-gland in case Ed-ward should die was the Prin-cess Ma-ry, who was, as you know, the child of Hen-ry VIII. and Kath-a-rine of Ar-ra-gon, and she was a Cath-o-lic, so that all the Prot-est-ants were full of fear for their cause.

The Duke of North-um-ber-land, whose name had been Earl of War-wick, had a son who was wed

to a young girl, near kin to the king. These young folks were both Prot-est-ants, and North-um-ber-land thought there might be a chance for the young wife, La-dy Jane Grey, to have the crown of England when Ed-ward was dead. Then as she was wed to his son, he would rule in her name. So he staid with the young king while he was ill and got him to make a will by which he left the crown to La-dy Jane Grey. Ed-ward did not live long, and his death was a sad blow to the En-glish. He was so mild and good and took such pains to do what he thought right, that all the land had hopes that they would have in him a good and wise king. But it was the will of God that he should die, and his last words were to ask God to save England and to keep pure the true faith. In two days La-dy Jane Gray was said to be queen in Lon-don, but the friends of La-dy Ma-ry held fast to her, and all knew that she was the right queen. There were some who would have been glad to have had the La-dy Jane, for she was young, and fair, and wise, and she was a Prot-est-ant. But the En-glish had great fear of North-um-ber-land and they knew he would rule them if his son's wife were to be queen. So one and all of North-um-ber-land's friends left him and took the part of La-dy Ma-ry, and the La-dy Jane, who knew that a great wrong had been

done in her name, went back to her home with a glad heart. She had borne the name of queen ten days. There she might have spent her life in peace but for the plots of North-um-ber-land. Queen Ma-ry had brought back the Cath-o-lic rites. The folks had to pray in Lat-in once more, and the



QUEEN MA-RY.

pope was said to be the head of the church. Some of the En-glish did not like this and the Prot-est-ants felt still more fear when they found that Queen Ma-ry was to wed Phil-ip of Spain. For he was a fierce Cath-o-lic, grim and hard, and all Prot-est-ants had great fear of him. So North-um-ber-land thought he might raise friends to fight for the La-dy

Jane, but Ma-ry soon put them down and had his head cut off. All the chief men who had been with him met a like fate. Then the queen felt she would not be safe on her throne while the La-dy Jane and Lord Guild-ford Dud-ley should live. So she sent them to the Tow-er and kept them there shut up for eight months. Then she said that they must both be brought to the block !

The La-dy Jane had been taught with the young king, Ed-ward, and she was like him in her kind, sweet ways. But she had been more quick to learn, and read and wrote both Lat-in and Greek and all the tongues in use at that day. She could paint, too, and play. When North-um-ber-land first sought to make her claim the crown she would not, for, she said, she had no right to it. But at last, with much words, they got her to let them set up a claim for her. When she found that she must die she was calm. She wrote to her friends to take leave of them, and she had to see through the bars of her cell Lord Guild-ford Dud-ley, her young spouse, led out to his death. As she still knelt there to pray she saw his corpse brought back in a cart. Poor young thing, her fate was hard ! When they led her out she had kind words to say to all near her. The one who kept the Tow-er, as he led her out to her doom, said : " I pray thee, give me a

small thing to keep for thy sake," and she gave him a book in which she wrote in Greek, in Lat-in, and in En-glish. She said to all that she had meant no wrong. Then she laid her fair young head on the block. The new queen soon grew so harsh that the En-glish gave her the name of Blood-y Ma-ry. She would not let the Word of God be read ; she made the priests send off their wives and did all she could to bring back the Ro-man Cath-o-lic Church. All who would not do as she chose were put to death. On one day there were near three score of the first men of the land hung, and their heads were stuck on poles in the streets. She sent E-liz-a-beth to jail and for a time there was fear for her life, but her friends got her to a safe place. Then Ma-ry was wed to Phil-ip II., King of Spain, and the En-glish did not like him. He was not kind to the queen, who had lost the



BURN-ING AT THE STAKE.

charm of youth, and he did all he could to make her hate the Prot-est-ants. The queen and king knelt to the car-di-nal who was sent to them from Rome, and said it was a great sin that En-land had done when she had cast off the pope's rule ; so at last the pope said that En-land might come back to the true faith. The two men who did the most to help the queen bring back En-land to the old creed were Gar-di-ner and Bon-ner. They thought the true way was to burn up all who would not think as they did. The first one burnt was a good man by the name of Rog-ers. They sent him to the great square at Smith-field, and he was bound to the stake and a fire lit round him. His wife met him with her ten boys and girls, and there they took leave of him with tears. The next one to die was Doc-tor Hoop-er, Bish-op of Glou-ces-ter. With his last breath he said : "I thank God that I have had the strength to speak the truth."

Bish-op Lat-i-mer was one of the Prot-est-ants. He was an old man, but Queen Ma-ry would not spare him, and sent him with a friend of his by the name of Bish-op Rid-ley to the stake. They spoke words of love and cheer to all as the flames came to them, and their death did much to make their friends more strong in the faith.

Next came the wise and good Arch-bish-op

Cran-mer. He was a mild man, and his fears made him seek to live. He wrote to Queen Ma-ry and plead for his life; but though he did vow that he would be a Cath-o-lic if she would spare him, she sent him to be burnt. When they had bound him to the stake he was seen to stretch out his right hand in the flame that it might burn first, for he said that hand had done false work, in that it wrote through fear what he did not mean. He kept up a brave heart through the fire, and was heard to pray to God and praise Him. The way in which he bore his death made all feel for him, and there was a light lit in En-gland that day which did not soon go out.

Queen Ma-ry went to war with France to please Phil-ip, but she lost the day and the French took back Ca-lais. Her death came in the same year in which she lost Ca-lais, and she had been queen but five years. She said when she was dead they would find the word "Ca-lais" on her heart, its loss had been such a grief to her.

Of this Queen it is said that till the time she came to the throne she had shown a kind heart and a life free from all blame. The state of her health was so bad in part of her reign, that it was thought her brain was not right, and that she did not know the true state of the realm and could not take a right view of the dark deeds that were done.

CHAPTER XVI.

E-LIZ-A-BETH.

E-LIZ-A-BETH was the child of An-ne Bo-ley, and she was known as a Prot-est-ant. She had been well taught, and knew both Lat-in and Greek. The first thing she did was to set free all the Prot-est-ants who were in the jails. Then she brought back the Bi-ble, and had men pray in En-glish in church. When E-liz-a-beth rode through Lon-don to be made queen at West-min-ster Ab-bey, there was great joy and all sorts of fine shows for her. The streets were gay with flags, and here and there an arch was made and bound with wreaths. As the queen rode 'neath one of these a boy was let down from cords who gave the queen a fine Bi-ble and then was drawn up once more. The queen was seen to kiss this Bi-ble and press it to her heart, and she said it was the gift most dear to her of all she had had that day.

Queen E-liz-a-beth took wise men to help her rule the land, and with their aid En-gland was at rest, and trade and all the arts of peace had a chance to grow. The queen had a dread of war,

and in all her reign did what she could to keep her land free from it. In her reign Prot-est-ants came from lands where they might be burnt for their faith and made their homes in En-land. Some could spin and weave and dye cloth, and as they set up the work of their trades in their new homes the En-lish learned new arts. You know there



AF-TER THE COR-O-NA-TION.

was a fair young Queen of Scot-land by the name of Ma-ry, whom they had sought to wed to Edward the Sixth. She had been sent to France, where she had wed the young King of France, but he did not live long. Then the young Queen of Scots went home to Scot-land. Her life in France had been so gay that she did not love her new home

or its folks. She took her French friends with her, and did not care for grave things. She sought to feast and dance and sing with her gay friends. The land had grown Prot-est-ant while she had been gone, and this did not please her. At last there was a war of Prot-est-ant and Cath-o-lic in her land, and in the end the folks said she might be a Cath-o-lic if she would let them be free to be Prot-est-ants and serve God in the way they chose. But she had to say that if she had a child it should be brought up in the Prot-est-ant faith. Ma-ry had wed one of her own kin, Hen-ry Stu-art, known as Lord Darn-ley, and they had one son by the name of James. Ma-ry did not care for Darn-ley, but chose one Both-well for a friend. So when Darn-ley was found slain it was thought that the vile plan to kill him was hers, though she had been at a ball at the time. And when she chose to wed with Both-well in three months all were sure of her guilt, and the Scots rose and said they would not have such a queen. Then there was more war, and Ma-ry was put in jail. But by help of one of her friends she got out and sought to be queen once more. But the Scots would not hear of it, and they made the child James their king, with Lord Mur-ray and some more lords to rule for him.

Ma-ry went to En-gland then to see if E-liz-a-

beth would help her to get her crown back once more. And she wrote to the Kings of France and Spain to say that if they would help they might get En-gland as well as Scot-land back to the pope's rule. She wrote to the pope that if they could put E-liz-a-beth out of the way all would be well.

At this time the Prot-est-ants in all lands were not left free to serve God in their own way, and were put to death for slight cause. All this went to rouse the hearts of the Prot-est-ant En-glish and to make them fear the plots of Ma-ry. The Pu-ri-tans, one and all, were her foes, and said she should be put to death. At this time, too, took place what is known as



COIN OF E-LIZ-A-BETH.

the Mas-sa-cre of Saint Bar-thol-o-mew, a crime that has left a stain on the fair fame of France which all time can not wipe out. On the day kept for Saint Bar-thol-o-mew all the great heads of the Prot-est-ant Church were brought to Par-is to see their young chief, the King of Na-varre, wed to the Prin-cess Mar-guer-ite. The King of France, Charles the Ninth, a young man, led by the fierce Cath-o-lics to believe that there was a plot to take his life, gave a sign that when a bell should toll a

great force should fall on the Prot-est-ants and slay them all at once. When the hour was close at hand the king was led to a place where he could see the sad work. Through all one night and two days the Prot-est-ants were shot—men, their wives and babes—and were flung out in the streets till the stones were red with blood. In all France the same vile deeds were done. From that day the king did not know an hour's peace. He would cry out that he saw the Hu-gue-nots fall, and their groans were at all times in his ears. He did not live but a year from those days of crime and blood.

In England the news of such a deed came with a great shock to all, and the court wore black for a sign of their grief. And just then a real plot was found out that put an end to all hope for Ma-ry, Queen of Scots. Some young men with weak heads, with a Jes-u-it priest at their head, made a plan to kill the queen. They were so proud of this plan that they got some one to paint them all. But there was one of them who told all to one of E-liz-a-beth's chief men, and then the whole plot was known. The men were caught and Ma-ry was told that all had been found out. E-liz-a-beth was told that while she kept Ma-ry she held "the wolf that would some day kill her."

They brought out the Queen of Scots to try her.

She said that each charge was false, and that she did not write what was shown in court. But it was known to have been done by her hand. Queen E-liz-a-beth sent word to Par-lia-ment to know if they could not find some way to save Ma-ry's life. But they said "No," there was no help for it, Ma-ry must die.

At last the Queen, who felt that the plots were real and that she could not be sure of her own life if she let Ma-ry live, sent word that it might be, and that she would sign the writ of death. The

Queen of Scots felt sure that her time had now come, and she wrote to E-liz-a-beth to ask three things. First, that her grave might be in France. Then that her head might be cut off in the sight of all; and third, that all who had been her friends



MA-RY STU-ART.

should have what she left to them and be let go to their homes in peace. It is said that E-liz-a-beth shed tears as she read this, but she did not write to Ma-ry. She put off from day to day the sad work, and it is said was loth at last to sign her name to the writ of death.

But at last it was done. Ma-ry, on the last night, read her will and went to bed and slept some hours. Then she rose and spent the rest of the time till the break of day on her knees. At eight she was drest in her best clothes and took leave of those who were with her. She went down stairs with the man who was sent for her, with her Bi-ble and Cross in her hands. Two of her maids and four of her men were with her. In the hall was a low block two feet from the ground with a black cloth thrown on it. The hall was full, and on one side of the block stood the heads-man in a black suit. While they read her doom to her she sat on a stool. When they were done she said once more that the charge of guilt was false, and that all the crimes laid to her were part of a state plot to get her out of the way. She said she would die in the Cath-o-lic faith. One of her maids put a cloth on her face and she laid her head on the block and said more than once in Lat-in, "In to Thy hands, oh Lord." When her head was cut off and held up it was seen that her



THE TRIAL OF MARY STUART.

hair was quite gray. She had borne her fate in a brave, sweet way, and the fame of the fair face that had long grown worn and sad with years and grief, is still kept fresh and light in song and tales to this day.

Phil-ip of Spain sought to wed with E-liz-a-beth, but she would not hear of it; then one of the sons of the old Queen of France was thought of for her. The queen did not say "no" to this, for she sought to keep friends with France. But at last she said she would wed no one, and she thought she could rule the land as well.

The queen knew that the best way to make England strong was to have good ships, so that she could meet her foes and fight them on the sea, and not let them land on her shores. She had some wise men to sail her ships for her, and they went to strange lands and brought back tales of the life there, and men and things they had found. Sir Fran-cis Drake was one of these. And Sir Walter Ra-leigh, who could fight on the land or take the lead of a ship at sea, was one of the great men of the time. He took out the first folks to North A-mer-i-ca, and they gave the name of Vir-gin-i-a to their homes. He first brought home from South A-mer-i-ca a root which is much in use for food, and a weed which men smoke and chew. The first

time they saw Sir Wal-ter smoke in En-gland they thought he was on fire, and sought to put him out. Queen E-liz-a-beth had her faults. In those days it was not thought wrong for those on thrones to say what they did not mean, and so men could not trust the word of the queen or her chief, Lord Bur-leigh, at all times. If they thought it best for



A SEA FIGHT.

the land they would say that they would do what they did not mean to do. E-liz-a-beth was small, it is said, but made out by her grand ways to look the queen. As age came on she grew more and more fond of dress. She wore big hoops and tall ruffs of lace, and gems strewn on her robes. She is said to have had more than ten score of

gowns and a score and a half of wigs. She had some grand men in her court, and Phil-ip Syd-ney was one. There was great grief when he met his death in Hol-land, where the queen had sent some troops to help the Prot-est-ants, who were in the harsh hands of Phil-ip of Spain. As Syd-ney rode, faint with thirst, from the field of the fight, some one brought him a drink in a cup. Just as he went to raise it to his mouth he saw a poor man worse hurt than he, who kept a sad gaze on the cup. Syd-ney put the drink from him and said: "Take it, friend; thy need is more than mine." Phil-ip of Spain at this time got up a great fleet to come down on En-gland and bring it back to the rule of the pope. The queen heard of the plan and sent out one of her great sea men who had been round the world, whose name was Ad-mi-ral Drake. He set sail for the port of Ca-diz, and took and burnt scores of the Span-ish ships, and that kept them back for a whole year. But in that time they had a great force, and gave it the name of the "In-vin-ci-ble Ar-ma-da," for they felt sure it could not be beat. The heart of all En-gland was like the heart of one man to rise up and beat back this bold foe from their shores. The great mass of the Cath-o-lics were true to their land, and both sides of the Thames were made strong



QUEEN E-LIZ-A-BETH.

with forts, and all were in wait for the proud Spanish fleet. The queen rode out on a white horse and made a speech to the brave troops, and was heard with cheers of joy. Then came the Spanish *Ar-ma-da*, with its ships set in the form of a half moon, and it was of such great size that it was more than six miles broad. But the English were soon on it, and they took all the ships that got out of the half moon. One night the bold Drake sent eight fire ships right in the midst of it. Then the Spaniards strove to get to sea, but the English gave them chase, and then there came a great storm, just as the *Ar-ma-da* went through the Straits of *Do-ver*. This drove the ships from their course and broke them to bits, so that the coasts of *Ire-land* and *Scot-land* were strewn with their wrecks. The English felt that God had come to their help, and that wind and storm had fought for them.

Lord *Lei-ces-ter*, who had been a great friend of the queen's, and had at times thought he could get her for his wife, was dead. *E-liz-a-beth* took his step-son, the Earl of *Es-sex*, a brave young man, for her best friend. He had the ill luck at last not to please her and she sent him to rule *Ire-land*. From the harsh way she wrote to him he thought he must have some foes at court. So he did not



WIL-LIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

wait for leave but came home and went straight to the queen. She was in a rage and would not hear him, for she was vain and had been told that he made fun of her. Then Es-sex, who was proud and hurt, broke his sword in her sight and flung it from him ; and what was worse, he got his friends to stand up in a sort of mob for his rights. This made the queen send him to his house. She told him to stay there. But she still felt for him, for when he was ill she sent him broth and shed tears for him. He spent his time with his books, but when he found that the queen took from him some of his rights, he grew in a rage and said she was vain and old, and no more straight in mind than in her form. Some of the court dames were glad to catch up these words and tell them to the queen.

But more than this, Es-sex and some of his friends laid a plot to take the queen and make her change her head men and send some from her. This was found out and Es-sex was sent for, but he made out that he was ill. Then one day he made a start with a few friends, with the cry : "For the queen, for the queen, a plot is laid for my life!" But no one came to their help and the Earl got back to his house, where the troops came to take him to the Tow-er. But the queen still had love for him and thought she would keep him there till

he sent some word or sign to her. But he did not, and she thought he was too proud to beg for her grace, and at last she set her name to the writ for his death. So Es-sex lost his head on the block. But when he was dead the queen found that he had sent her a ring by one of the court dames, and that this ring got in the hands of one who was a foe to Es-sex and kept it back. When the one who had done this was sick to death she sent for the queen and gave her the ring and told her all. The heart of the queen gave way, and from that time she grew all at once old and weak. She would not lie down, but sat up till she sank in death. She did not speak for days, till at last she told the arch-bish-op to pray for her ; and so death came to her who had been so brave and strong in 1603. Shakespeare wrote his great plays in the time of Queen E-liz-a-beth.



CHAPTER XVII.

JAMES I.

THE heir to the throne was now the son of Ma-ry Queen of Scots. He was the sixth James who had been King of Scot-land, and he had been brought up in a strict way by the Scotch Pu-ri-tans. He knew books, but not court ways, and he had no grace. He could not bear to see a drawn sword, and had such a fear that some one would kill him that he wore a dress all made thick with wool, which did not lend much style to his form.

The En-glish were not proud of their new king, though it was a great thing for En-gland and Scot-land to have the same man to rule them at last, for it put an end to their wars.

James had read much and was more wise than men thought. He did not like the Pu-ri-tans as well as the En-glish Church, for he thought that it was best to fix a form by which men should pray, and not for each one to pray in his own words. But he could not change the Scots all at once, and he set wise men to work on the Bi-ble to make it all as plain and clear as it could be.

But there were some of the Cath-o-lics at this time who had got up a plot to get rid of the Prot-est-ants and bring back the pope. They were to blow up the House of Par-lia-ment on the day when it met.

They laid a mine 'neath it, and put kegs of their stuff there and hid them with sticks of wood. But one of these men had a friend in Par-lia-ment whom he did not want should die. So he wrote to him in such a way that he woke fears in the one who read it, and search was made in the vaults. There they found the kegs of stuff in place to blow all up,

and a man with a torch to set fire to the train. This man, whose name was Guy Fawkes, told all when they had laid hold of him. Some of those who had been in the plot made out to get from En-



JAMES THE FIRST.

gland. All the land gave thanks that the plot was brought to naught. For a long time that day, 5th of No-ven-ber, was kept and fire-works set off and a shape like that of Guy Fawkes burnt. It is known as "Guy Fawkes's day."



DEATH OF RA-LEIGH.

Hen-ry, Prince of Wales, was a fine youth, fond of ships and apt to talk of wars. The hopes of England were set on him, but he grew ill, and his death was a great blow to all.

King James chose friends for their good looks and not for their good traits of mind and heart. To one of them, the Duke of Buck-ing-ham, he gave the pet name of Stee-nie, and he gave him his son

Charles to bring up. When Charles was grown they sought to get the child of the King of Spain for his wife; so Stee-nie took the young prince to see her, and the two went in plain clothes and took the plain name of "Smith," so that none should know them. But when they got to Mad-rid they found that the young girl could not be seen, as the rules of the Span-ish court were most strict. Charles, who had seen the bright eyes of Hen-ri-et-ta Ma-ri-a of France on his way, said he would take her for his wife. But ere he did this the death of James the First came to pass in the year 1625. There had not been much peace in Scot-land in this reign, as he strove to make all there use the forms of the new En-GLISH church. One of the worst things he did was to keep Sir Wal-ter Ra-leigh in the Tow-er for years, and at last to cut off his head. James was not a man of strict truth. He thought that kings might lie, and he gave such lies the name of king-craft.



RA-LEIGH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES I.

CHARLES I. had good looks and grace of mien, with none of the odd ways and tricks of James, so that the English were glad to hail him as king. For some years all was peace, but there were some who did not like his friend, the Duke of Buckingham, and thought he had too much to say, and they did not like to have a queen who was a Cath-o-lic. The Pu-ri-tans did not want the rules of the Church of England, and there was a man by the name of Dr. Laud who was sent to each church to put these rules in force. Some went off to A-mer-i-ca, where they could serve God in their own way, but those who were left did not keep still. Then the king had need of gold, and chose ways to raise it that the folks did not think just. In old times King Al-fred had made a tax to build ships. It was known as a ship tax, but in time the funds were put to all sorts of use. Then, too, gold was got from fines. When a man was brought up for a fault they brought him to a room known as a Star Cham-ber, and he had to



CHARLES THE FIRST.

pay a good sum to get free. When Par-li-a-ment would not give the king gold he broke it up, and sent through the land to raise funds by the ship tax, but there were some who would not pay it. They said the king broke the laws when he sought to reign with no Par-li-a-ment. But King Charles would not call a Par-li-a-ment for ten years. The folks said the worst times had come back when kings could rob the poor. Buck-ing-ham had met his death by a stab to the heart from the hands of a man by the name of Fel-ton. Charles had sent help to the French Prot-est-ants at Ro-chelle, which was in a state of siege. Buck-ing-ham was to have led the troops, which did not please the En-glish at all. He was a proud, cold man, and had not made friends of them. All thought that the king would do well now the bad friend was gone. But he went on to try and make the Scots come back to the Church. He had a hard time, too, in Ire-land, and at last all those who did not like him made a league to fight him, and he had to call his Par-li-a-ment at last to raise funds. They were not in a mood to grant boons. They put an end at once to the ship tax and the court of the Star Cham-ber, and they threw the king's two great friends, Laud and Straf-ford, into jail. The Earl of Straf-ford had charge in Ire-land, and had kept strict rule there. He

was thought a hard man, and he sought to make the king rule with a strong hand. The Parliament said he should have his head cut off, but they could not do it save in the king's name. At first Charles stood out and would not give up his dear friend, but there was such a rage at this that



THE EN-GLISH FLEET.

the queen with tears plead with the king to save all and put his name to the writ of death. He did so, but did not cease to mourn the act till the end of his life. The Parliament took things more and more in their own hands, and some of them went on to rail at the king in such a way that Charles went there to take five men who were the worst

of the lot. But by some means these men had heard of it and were not there, and the Londoners rose up in a great mob to cry down the king. The queen, with the Princess Ma-ry, went to Hol-



HEN-RI-ET-TA.

land, and there was a match made for the young girl with the Prince of Orange. Then the queen bought stacks of guns for the troops of King Charles, for there was war now with the king and his Parliament. Those who held with the king were known as Cav-a-liers, and those who were not with him had the name of Pu-ri-tans, or Round-heads. They got this last name from the way in which they wore their

hair. It was the mode in that day to have the locks long, but they chose to have their hair cut short round their heads. The Pu-ri-tans had a hate for all the forms of the Church of En-gland, and they were for the most part strict and grave folks, who did not care



OL-I-VER CROM-WELL.

for feasts or fine clothes, while the Cav-a-liers, though they were fond of fine dress, were bold and brave, full of dash, and fond of a good time.

Prince Ru-pert led the king's troops. He was a brave young man, but was apt to think he had won the day ere the work was half done. At first the king's troops, who knew most of the arts of war, got the best of it. But there was one man on the side of the Pu-ri-tans by the name of Ol-i-ver Crom-well who soon made it plain that he was born to lead men. From the time he was put at the head of the Pu-ri-tans they won their cause. The three chief fights were Edge-hill, Mars-ton Moor and Nase-by. The Pu-ri-tans had all things their own way. Arch-bish-op Laud was put to death, and at the same time they put out the priests of each church and put their own men in, and would not keep in use the book from which the folks had been wont to pray. They did not like such fine things, and would smash all the glass of rich hues, and use the font for a trough, and put their steeds in the church. King Charles was in such a sad case he thought he might find friends with the Scots, as he had been born in Scot-land. But they did not prove friends, and gave him up for a sum of gold to the En-glish. So Charles was now in the hands of the Long Par-lia-ment, which did not wish to have



CHARGE OF THE IRON-SIDES.

a king at all. The king would have done much to please them, but there was no end to the things this Long Par-li-a-ment chose to ask. At last Ol-i-ver Crom-well sent some of his men to take the king out of the hands of Par-li-a-ment, and he set to work to try him. First he sent one of his men to turn out



THE SOL-DIERS RE-MOV-ING CHARLES THE FIRST.

all in Par-li-a-ment who would not do his will. Then he made a sort of court to try the king. They brought all kinds of things to his charge, but as Charles thought they had no right to try him he would not speak. So they said that in three days he should have his head cut off. He bore all in a meek, calm way, and was heard to pray for his foes. The queen was in France, and his chil-dren, E-liz-

a-beth, twelve years old, and Hen-ry of five, were brought to see him the night ere he was to die. He took his boy on his knee and told him to mark



CHIL-DREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

what he said, and to mind not to set up for a king as long as Prince Charles and Prince James should live. The boy said with tears: "I will be torn to bits first." Then there was naught but for the king

to kiss and bless them and give them his last good-by.

The next day was Jan-u-a-ry 30, 1649. They let the king have Bish-op Jux-on to read and pray with him. Then he was led out to a place hung with black, and was heard to pray God to bless those who had been the cause of his death.

He did not fear to die, but he did not wish to die hard. He said to one near: "Take care that they do not put me to pain." He told the heads-man: "I will pray a short time and then thrust out my hands," and that was to be the sign to strike.

He said to Bish-op Jux-on: "I have a good cause and a God of grace on my side." The bish-op told him he had but one more stage to go in this world, and that was a hard one, but it was short and would take him a long way—all the way from this earth up to the home of the blest.

The king knelt down, laid his head on the block and spread out his hands, and his head was struck off at one blow and held up in the sight of all. A great groan burst from the crowd.

He was put in a tomb at the Saint George Chap-el, Wind-sor, by four friends in the dead of night. It was a great shock to the Scots when they knew of this sad death of their king, and they sent word to the young Prince Charles that if he



DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

would come to them they would set him on the throne. Charles came, but he found that the Scotch were too strict and dull to suit him. The things that made the joys of his life were sins in their eyes. Still they gave him their help, and some of the English Cav-a-liers came to his aid. They put the crown on his head at Scone, and he took the head of the army and went on to Stir-ling. Ol-i-ver Crom-well was ill in bed, but when he heard of this march he got out of bed in no time, and went to work with a will. He got in the rear of the troops of Charles and cut them off from Scotland. There was naught for them to do then but to go on to En-gland. Then Ol-i-ver came up to them at quick speed and a great fight took place at Wor-ces-ter. The Scotch fought in such a brave way that it took five hours for Crom-well to beat them. Charles fled in the night with some of his men to the house of a Cath-olic dame. There he had his hair cut off and went out at break of day as if to his work, in the clothes of a poor man and with an ax in his hands. Some men, whose work was to cut wood, went with him and they made a bed for him in the woods. From there he got on, and hid at times in barns. Once he had to climb up into a fine old oak and hide in the leaves, for he heard Crom-well's troops

ride by, and he could hear from his perch the crash in the woods as they went on and beat the boughs. Then he had to walk and walk for more than one long day, and once when his foes gave chase to him there was a young girl by the name of Miss Lane who let him ride on the same horse with her and



BUR-IAL OF CHARLES I.

strove to pass him off as a youth she had to serve her. But when they got to an inn he ran a great risk, for he did not know how to turn a spit when the cook bade him. But he got off safe, and a boat took him to France where the queen then dwelt. E-liz-a-beth and Hen-ry had been sent to the Isle of Wight. The young girl was seen to pine day

by day, and one morn they found her dead, with her face laid on the Word of God, which she held in her hand. Then Hen-ry was sent to be with the queen in France. James of York, the son who was next in age to Charles II., was in Hol-land ; but at last the two went into the French ranks to learn the art of war. Ol-i-ver Crom-well, in the mean-time, had kept up his rule. He put down the I-rish with a strong hand, and when he did not want the Long Par-lia-ment he just went in with some troops and broke it up. Then he had a Par-lia-ment of his own, made up of a few men who would do as he bade them. The head man had the name of Bare-bones, so this was known as the Bare-bones Par-lia-ment. Ol-i-ver Crom-well did not have the name of a king, but his reign was like one for five years, with the same might as a real king. And he was not a bad man to rule En-gland, for he thought it was God's work and that God meant him to do it. Though he made war on a king and put him to death at last, he thought he was right. He felt that he was sent from the Lord to fight with his Bi-ble and his sword. The Cav-a-liers had a hard time with him, and he made them pay fines and some lost their lands. Some went to Hol-land or France, and sent their wives home now and then to get the rents. Crom-well was stern, but he sought to

be just, and he had to do as he did to keep the reins in his own hand. The Cav-a-liers could no more



THE BREAK-ING UP OF PAR-LIA-MENT.

have their own way in church, so they met in woods and caves and vaults.

Crom-well's death came at the end of five years, and his son Rich-ard had not the same strength of mind and strong will. He found he could not rule En-gland, so he gave it up and went home to his own house. The folks gave him the name of "Tumble-down-Dick."

No one knew then what was the best move to make, till Gen-er-al Monk, who was at the head of the army, said they had best bring back the king. So the Par-lia-ment sent word to Charles II., and a fleet went to fetch him. He came and rode through Lon-don streets, which were hung with green boughs and silk flags, and all were glad to see him back. But in the midst of the joy came the death of Prince Hen-ry and then of the Prin-cess Ma-ry, who had been the wife of Wil-liam of Or-ange. She left one son, of whom you will hear in time.

Then there was more change in all ways. In each church the Pu-ri-tans gave way once more to those of the Church of En-gland, and Jux-on, who had been with Charles I. at his death, was made arch-bish-op. The troops of Crom-well broke up, all but one band of men, whom the king took as his guards.

In the end, though they had brought back Charles, Pu-ri-tans and Cav-a-liers both felt that

they had cause to find fault. Each thought the king should do more for him, and each had an ax of his own to grind. So Cav-a-lier and Round-head grew to have new names, and were known as Tory and Whig.

A man had need be both strong and wise to have dealt so as to please all, and Charles was a man who sought most to please his own self. He was bright, but not wise or good. He was full of wit and said droll things, but he did not keep his word, and none could trust him. He had a set of friends who were a shame to his court, but he did not care if that they made the time pass, so that he should not be dull. These friends took gold from the French king to get Charles not to help the Dutch in their war with the French. Then the Dutch went to war with the English for this, and there were some sea-fights in which James, Duke of York, fought in a brave way.

In the year 1665 there was a sad plague in London. Folks were struck with it in a strange way if they went near those ill with it, and they would die in a few hours. When the plague was in a house the door was shut and a cross in red chalk put on it as a sign that none should go out or in. Food was set out-side of the door so the folks could get it, and a cart came round each day which would stop

at the house. The men who drove it would call, "Bring out your dead," and when a corpse was brought out it was borne off and thrown in a deep, long ditch. At last, by the grace of God, this sad pest left Lon-don, and has not come since. The



JOHN MIL-TON.

next year there was a great fire in Lon-don, which burnt down whole streets. St. Paul's Ca-the-dral was burnt in this fire. At last they had to stop it in this way: They blew up all that stood in the course of the flames, so that there was a space that the fire could not leap. In Scot-land the king sought once more to make them use

the mode of the Church of En-gland. Then the Scots would not go to Church, but met on hills and moors. Troops were sent to break this up, and there were sad scenes. The king's men were the most

strong and did harsh things, and vile acts were done.

Charles had no heir, and the Duke of York was a Cath-o-lic, so there was a plot, known as the Rye House plot, to kill him, so that the throne might go to the Duke of Mon-mouth. This young man was the son of King Charles and a girl to whom he had not been wed. This plot was found out. The head men lost their lives, and Mon-mouth fled to Hol-land.

Charles would let men preach to him and hear what they said of his life with a smile, but he did not leave off his bad ways. He spent the last Sun-day of his life at play with his gay friends at cards. Then he had a stroke and sent for a Cath-o-lic priest. So it came out that he had been a Cath-o-lic all his life, but had not let it be known lest he should lose his crown.

In this reign there were two great books brought out. John Mil-ton, who had lost his sight, wrote "Par-a-dise Lost." And John Bun-yan, a poor man whose work was to mend pots and pans, wrote the "Pil-grim's Prog-ress."

The hopes of the land had been set on King Charles II. when he came to the throne, but long ere he died he had shown how vain these hopes were. He lived for his own ease, and the one he sought most to please was his own self.

CHAPTER XIX.

JAMES II.

JAMES II. was at least so far true in that he made his faith known. He was a Cath-o-lic, and he had not the grace by which Charles II. had won English hearts. He was grave, sad and stern. The Duke of Mon-mouth came back and found some to call him king in the West of En-gland. Groups of girls in white met him with wreaths, but that did not help him win his cause. He lost the fight at Sedge-moor and fled. He was found in a smock-frock in a ditch. They took him to Lon-don, where the Court went on to try him and he was hung. James was most harsh with all who had lent aid to Mon-mouth. He sent a man by the name of Jeffreys to try them all, and most were hung. This man was so fierce and coarse that his trip is known since as the "Blood-y As-size." So the reign of James II. was harsh from the first. He gave the best posts in the Church and State to Ro-man Cath-o-lics, and the Prot-est-ants saw this with more and more fear.

James had no son, but he had two girls, the



JAMES THE SEC-OND.

Prin-cess Mary, who was wed to the young Prince of Or-ange, and An-ne, who was the wife of Prince George, of Den-mark. He was a dull man, and it was the mode to laugh at him, but he had a son of whom there was much hope.

But James II. took it in his head to take a new wife. She was a prin-cess from It-a-ly, and a Ro-man Cath-o-lic. So when she had a son the Prot-est-ants, who did not want more Cath-o-lic kings, said they thought that this child was not the true son of the king and queen, and all the land was in a sad state. Then Wil-liam of Or-ange came, and crowds went at once on his side, till James saw that it was not safe for his wife and child in En-gland. So he sent them to France and staid on for a while. But when he heard that An-ne had gone on the side of the Prince of Or-ange tears came in his eyes and he said: "God help me; my own child leaves me." So he got off in plain clothes and went to France, where he had St. Ger-main for a home.

It was on the 4th of No-vem-ber, 1688, Wil-liam of Or-ange set his foot on shore, and from that time came the change known as the En-glish Rev-o-lu-tion. Par-li-a-ment gave the crown to Wil-liam and Ma-ry.

But all the Ro-man Cath-o-lics were still of course

for James. They were known as Ja-cob-ites. They thought that no one had a right to have his place and they would not take the oath to serve the new rule. Arch-bish-op San-croft, Bish-op Ker and some more would not take the oath, but gave up all their wealth and their high posts and led lives of hard work and want. From time to time James



FLIGHT OF JAMES II.

strove to get his crown back, and Lou-is, King of France, gave him aid, but all in vain. As most of his friends, the Ro-man Cath-o-lics, were in Ire-land, he went there to fight. He got on well in the south, but in the north they would not help him. He laid siege to Lon-don-der-ry, but it held out for more than three months, so that all were like to die for

want of food. Then En-gland came to their aid. Wil-liam came with troops and there the two met and fought on the banks of the Boyne on the 1st of July, 1690. James was put to route and had to leave Ire-land. All his friends there paid dear for the aid they gave him.

In the mean-time, while Wil-liam of Or-ange



KING WIL-LIAM THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.

fought the French in Hol-land, there was great grief at the death of Ma-ry from small-pox. She had left no child. Par-li-a-ment said that Wil-liam could be king and on his death Prin-cess An-ne should be queen, and they made an act that no Ro-man Cath-olic, nor one who was wed to a Ro-man Cath-olic, should sit on En-gland's throne. The En-glish

To-ries did not like this act, as they had not much love for King Wil-liam. He was a thin, spare man, with sharp, rough ways. He was not in good health, and that may have made him more sharp. He kept the reins, though, with a strong hand, but he was at war with France all the time. Then there rose a great war at this time as to who should have the Span-ish throne, and of course Wil-liam was not on the French side. But ere he went out to fight in this fresh war, as he rode one day, his horse trod in a mole hole and threw him. This hurt was not, at first, thought to be bad, but the King caught cold, and did not live but a few days. His was a wise and good rule in En-gland for more than twelve years. The Ja-cob-ins were glad of his death. An-ne the daughter of James II. now came to the throne, and, to keep up the old cus-tom was called Queen of France as well as Queen of En-gland.



CHAPTER XX.

QUEEN AN-NE AND THE GEOR-GESES.

AN-NE was made queen on the death of William III. She meant well, but she was weak and let her friends rule her. The one who could do as she chose with her was Sa-rah Jen-nings, who was the wife of a man in the troops by the name of John Church-ill. This man was so brave he was in time made a peer—the Duke of Marl-bor-ough. Though An-ne was on the throne, the duch-ess was the real queen. The duke went out with the troops to fight the French, so that they should not get the throne of Spain. The En-glish took Gib-ral-tar, and have kept it from that time. Marl-bor-ough, with the Ger-man Prince Eu-gene, beat the French in a great fight at Blen-heim. For this the queen gave him a grand place and a fine house, to which they gave the name of Blen-heim. Marl-bor-ough won more fights, and his wife took on more airs and grew so proud that she thought the queen could not get on save by her help. At times she brought the poor queen to tears by her harsh words, for she sought to rule her in all things.



GEORGE I.

At last the queen could bear it no more. She broke with her friend the duch-ess, and brought Marl-bor-ough back in the midst of his fame, and so she was set free from her bonds. There were some who thought it time to end the war with France, but the Whigs did not like to give it up while En-gland won. Marl-bor-ough did not keep his health long, for it was a great blow to him to be brought back in the midst of his fame. In the time of An-ne the Par-lia-ment of Scot-land and that of En-gland were made one. This did not please some of the Scots, and they went on the side of the Ja-cob-ites. If the young James III., as he was known by the Ja-cob-ites, would have sworn to join the En-glish Church, he might have had a chance to reign; but he was too strong in his faith, so An-ne would not help him.

In Queen An-ne's time there were some great men who wrote books that we read to this day. Pope wrote his verse then, and there was one book that all young folks read now. The name of it is "Rob-in-son Cru-soe."

Queen An-ne had a hard time with her To-ry friends. She was mild and fond of peace, but they would not let her have it. The stroke which was the cause of her death is said to have been brought on by a fierce scene with them. Tea came

in use in An-ne's reign. It was brought from Chi-na. It was the mode to drink it out of small cups, clear and thin as an egg-shell. Mr. Ad-di-son wrote in this reign a news sheet, once a week, which held up to scorn the faults of the day. The name of it was the Spec-ta-tor.

You know the Prin-cess So-phi-a had wed the E-lect-or of Han-o-ver, and she was to have the throne when An-ne was dead. But she had been the first to die, so her son George was now the heir. He did not care much for it and he was so fond of the land of his birth that he is said to have staid at home for days in hopes that the En-glish would take James Stu-art for their king. But they did not, so at last he had to set out. He did not know much En-glish and had to talk bad Lat-in or French. He did not bring his queen with him, for he was on bad terms with her and had shut her up in a great house like a jail, in Ger-man-y. He had a son, George, who had a bright young wife, Car-o-line of Ans-pach, but the king did not seem fond of them, and did not let them stay long in En-gland.

The Ja-cob-ins, who had made no move in the right time to get the throne for James Stu-art, rose when it was too late. The white rose was the Ja-cob-ite mark, and they wore it when they fought two fights on the same day, one in En-gland and

one in Scot-land. The first one was at Sher-iff muir, and was left in such doubt that there is a Scotch song of it, in this wise :

“Some say that we won,
And some that they won,
Some say that none won
At a', mon.

“But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Sher-iff muir
A fight there was—
That I saw, mon.

“And we ran and they ran,
And they ran and we ran,
And we ran and they ran
Awa', mon.”

The En-glish fight was at Pres-ton, and the Ja-cob-ites lost, and were for the most part thrown in jail, so that when James Stu-art, who was known as the Chev-a-lier, came to land, he found no friends and had to go back to It-a-ly, where he spent the rest of his life. The chiefs of the Ja-cob-ins were sent to Lon-don, and three of them had their heads cut off. The wife of the Earl of Niths-dale made out to save him. She went to see him in the Tow-er and took a tall dame with her, who wore two sets of clothes. This dame went off. Then, when it was time for a change of guard, the earl put on the clothes she had left and with the hood low on his face went out. The wife staid for a

while and went on with her talk as though the earl were there, till the time came when it was her wont to leave him. Then she, too, went out and met her lord and they hid till they could get to France.

En-gland grew in wealth while George I. was king. In In-dia



CHARLES ED-WARD.

towns sprang up where there had been but a house of trade here and there. But the En-glish did not like George I., and he was not fond of them. He spent most of his time in Han-o-ver. As he drove there in his coach one day some one threw in a note to him. While he read it he had a stroke and was dead in a few hours.

Some one said that the note spoke of his sins to his wife whom death had freed in the house where he had shut her up so long. The death of George I. was in 1725.

There was a change in the mode of dress in this reign. The wigs were worn small, and young men wore their own hair, with a sort of white dust on it, and a long tail at the back known as a queue.

The dames wore their hair in a high pile on the tops of their heads, with the same white dust on it, and they had great hoops, and high heels to their shoes. They thought, too, a black patch on the face here and there made them look more fair. All took snuff in those days, so a fine, rich snuff-box was part of

one's wealth. The reign of George II. was full of wars. He was the last king of England who was in a fight. This was at Fontenoy, and was part of a great war to fix who



DEATH OF GEORGE I.

should be Em-per-or of Ger-man-y. France and En-gland were not on the same sides. Charles Ed-ward Stu-art, the son of James, who had been known as the Chev-a-lier, thought there might now be a chance for him to get back the crown of his race. He was a young man of fine looks, and when he stept on Scotch soil he won all hearts, and the Scots brought their clans to fight for him, so that he soon was at the head of a great force, with which he took the town of Ed-in-burgh. Most of the En-glish troops were off in Ger-man-y, so he won the fight at Pres-ton Pans, and took up his march straight on into En-gland. There was a a great fight, for the clans in their plaids, with long swords and strange speech, were like some wild tribe to the Lon-don folks. They might have swept all in their way if they had not grown so home-sick in the strange land that Charles Ed-ward had to let them turn back to their hills once more. Then the En-glish troops got back in time to chase them, and they lost men each day. But they made a stand at the heath of Cul-lo-den. There there was a great rout, and the prince had to fly for his life and hide till he could find a way back to France. The Duke of Cum-ber-land was not mild with those he took in this fight. All those who had lent aid to the young prince were put to death at Car-

lisle, for the most part. This rise was known as the "Re-bel-lion of the For-ty-five," as it took place in 1745. There were wars by sea and land in the reign of George II. In A-mer-i-ca, where some of the French and En-glish had found homes, they fought and had a hard time, and the Red men were now on this side and now on that. In the East In-dies, too, the French and En-glish had made ports of trade. But all at once the In-di-ans came down on Cal-cut-ta. Those of the En-glish who could, got off on ships, but those who could not were shut up in a small room, in the most hot time of the year. There were 146 of them in that place, with no air, and were in such a crush that they could not breathe. When dawn came not much more than a score had life left in them. This is known as the Black Hole of Cal-cut-ta. But next year En-gland, with Col-o-nel Clive, won back Cal-cut-ta, and at last made the French leave In-dia.

The death of George II. came when he was quite an old man. His son Fred-er-ick was dead, too, so his grand-son, George III., came to the throne.

George II. was a just and brave man, but had a scorn for books, and those who cared for them. One cause for this was that he had not been taught much in his youth.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE III.

GEORGE III. had been born in En-gland, so he had some love for the land, its folks and its ways. He was a good man, and sought to do what he thought right, and he was firm as a rock when he felt he was right. He would ride or walk through a street or field as if he were just a plain squire, with no pomp or state. He would talk to the folks of their work and their lives, and ask all sorts of things, and say, "What; what, what," in a queer way that made them laugh. His wife was a Ger-man princess by the name of Char-lotte, and they brought up their boys and girls in the right way; at least they did their best to make them good.

As soon as George III. came to the throne a war broke out in A-mer-i-ca. They did not like a new tax that had been laid on the tea which was in use there. They got it straight from Chi-na, and thought no one had a right to tax it. So though they were more fond of this drink than the En-lish in those days, they gave it up and threw

whole ship-loads in the stream. Then they all rose in a great fight to get free from En-glish rule, and a man by the name of George Wash-ing-ton took the head of the troops. The French, who were not friends with the En-glish, lent help to the A-mer-i-cans. There was a great man by the name of Ben-ja-min Frank-lin sent to the Court of France to win them as friends. He had found out strange things. You know in a storm how there is a fierce light at times which tears through a cloud and now and then strikes a house or barn and burns it to the ground. Frank-lin found out how to lead this from a house so that no harm could be done. And now you can see wires that run down the sides of a house or a church. They are set in glass here and there, so that they lead the strange force straight in to the ground and make the house or church safe, so that it can not be struck.

On the 17th of June, 1775, a fight took place at Bun-ker Hill, near Bos-ton. The day was hot. The A-mer-i-cans had put their men back of a rail fence, which they had made out to stuff with hay so as to make it a sort of screen. They had no food, and were for the most part raw troops who did not know drill, and they had poor arms. But the Brit-ish had to march through a field, and they were in full sight. They felt the great heat, such as



GEORGE THE THIRD.

they had not known in En-gland, and they had food and stores in packs on their backs. When the word “fire” was heard and the smoke was gone, the ground was seen strewn with Brit-ish dead. A great cheer went up from the forts, and cheers came from back of the rail fence. The Brit-ish wore red coats, and could be seen from far, so their loss was great. But in time the A-mer-i-cans had spent their last charge and had to fall back as best they could. The Brit-ish had shown stout hearts to march up in the face of such a fire.



COIN OF GEORGE III.

On Ju-ly the 4th, 1776, what is known as the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence was drawn up, and some of the best men who were at the head of things in the States, put their names to it. All the States but New York gave a vote for this, and then it was thought to be time for the U-ni-ted States to have a flag of its own. Con-gress said it should have red and white stripes, a stripe for each of the States and a white star for each State in a blue field. When a new State comes in a new star is put on the flag.

Lord Howe wrote to “George Wash-ing-ton, Esq.,”

to say what terms of peace King George would give the A-mer-i-cans. But Wash-ing-ton chose to have his name as head of the troops put on all his notes, so he took no heed of this one. Then there was naught left but for Howe to fight. At first the A-mer-i-cans lost and Wash-ing-ton had to leave New York in the hands of the Brit-ish. His men were in want of clothes and some of them had no shoes. He felt that he must strike a blow at once.

There were some Hes-sian troops at Tren-ton, who had come from Ger-man-y to help the En-glish. It was Christ-mas and Wash-ing-ton knew that these folks would keep the day with feasts. So on the night of that day in a storm of sleet he set out to cross the Del-a-ware, and at day dawn he was on the Hes-sians and took them all, and their head man fell in this fight.

So the A-mer-i-cans fought on year by year, and all saw that they would have their rights and be free. Some wise men told George III. that he had best give up the war with them. The old Lord Chat-ham did not think so and came up from his home to make a speech, for he would not have En-gland give up aught. But just as he went to speak he fell to the floor in a faint and did not live but a month from that time.

George III. at last gave up all rights to the land



WIL-LIAM PITT, SON OF LORD CHAT-HAM.

now known as the U-ni-ted States of A-mer-i-ca. These States then set up a form of rule which has gone on since that day. They have no king, but a Pres-i-dent for whom they vote once in four years.

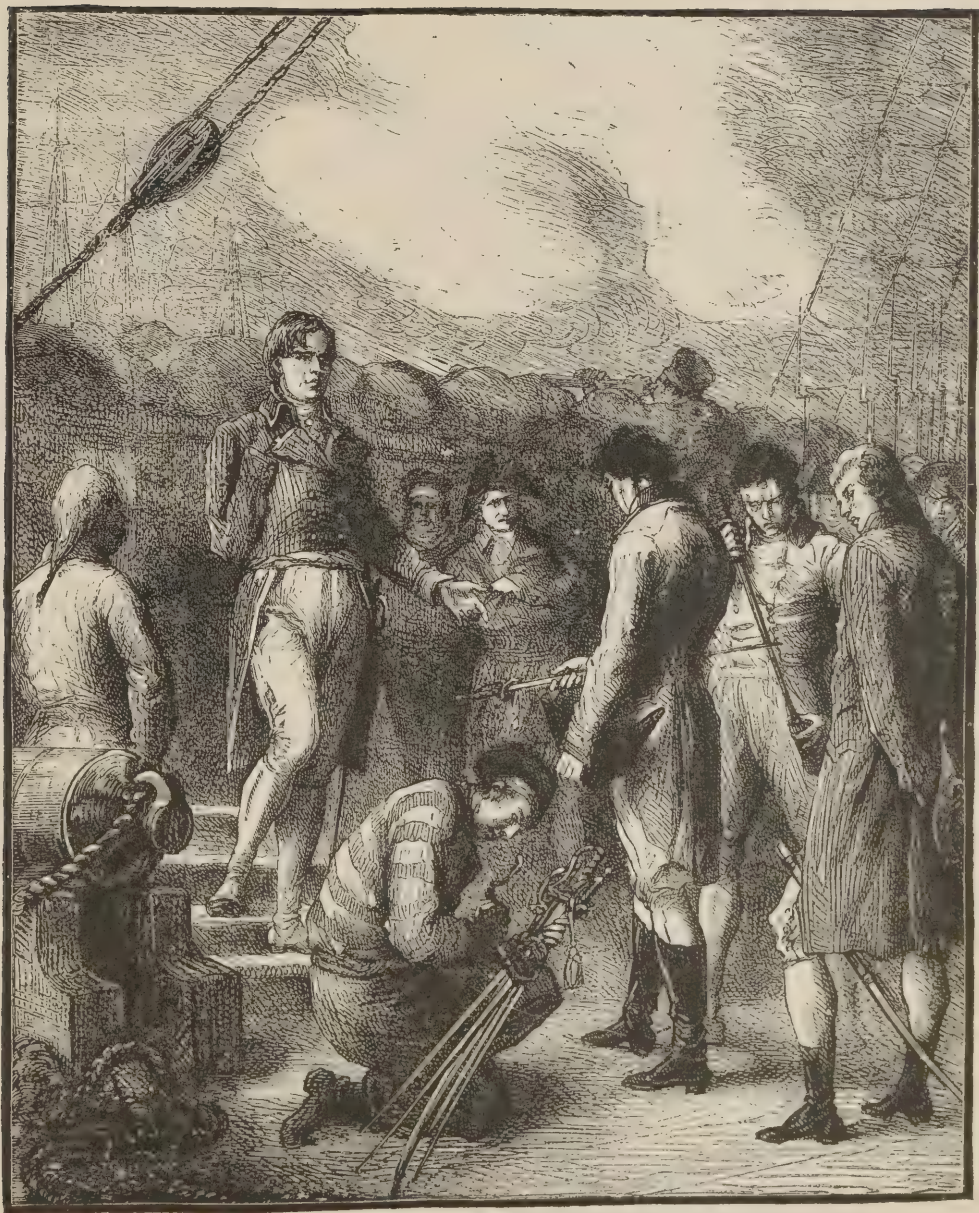
En-gland won much in In-dia in this reign. The chief grief of George III. was that some of his sons were wild and fast young men. The Prince of Wales was vain of his fine looks, and his whole aim was to dress well and set the mode in taste. He spent vast sums in wrong ways and sought to vex the king and queen as much as he could. He had a scorn for their plain style of life. Wil-liam Pitt, the son of Lord Chat-ham, was the chief man in En-gland in this reign. He sought to bring in a bill by which the Ro-man Cath-o-lics should have the same rights in all things as the Prot-est-ants. George III. thought it would not be right for him to grant this, and there was so much strife that the king's health and brain gave way for a time.

Just then there were sad scenes in France. The poor had been ground down in past reigns, and now when they had a good and kind king, Lou-is XVI., they rose in all parts of the land. He had to bear the scourge for the acts of a long line of kings. Mob law was the rule, and the folk sought to get rid of all the great ones in the land. Kings, priests and men of rank lost their heads

each day. This sad time is now known as the great French Rev-o-lution. At last the French grew sick of strife and blood. A young man rose from the ranks by the name of Na-po-le-on Bo-na-parte, and took the head of the land, as the king had been slain. He beat the Ger-mans and won all in his course. It was thought he would make France too strong for the rest of the world if they could not stop him, so when he went out to take E-gypt and all the East, Lord Nelson took some ships and went there too, and beat the whole French fleet at the mouth of the Nile. Nelson next won in a fight with the Danes, and took all the Dan-ish ships. Then when Spain made friends with France, Nel-son beat them both at Cape



LORD CHAT-HAM.



"VIC-TO-RY OR WEST-MIN-STER AB-BEY."

Traf-al-gar. This was the last fight of this great man, for he got his death wound there, to the grief of all. The war made it hard for those at home in En-gland. Food and all things else were dear, and a high tax ground down the poor. But Na-po-le-on was now em-per-or, and still had such strange luck in his fights that all lands were in awe of him. En-gland felt the best way to keep him in bounds was to help the lands which were at war with him.

The old king in his last days grew blind, and then came the death of the Prin-cess A-me-lia, the child of whom he was most fond. The cloud came on his mind once more, and he had to be shut up in Wind-sor, where his good wife staid with him and did her best for him till her death. When George III. lost his mind his son, the Prince of Wales, was made Re-gent. You know a re-gent is one who rules for a king. He went on to help Spain, which was at war with France in those days. Na-po-le-on had put one of his own blood on the throne of Spain, and the folks sent out a call on En-gland to help them. Sir John Moore went with some troops and won a fight at Co-run-na. But a shot struck him and they had to wrap his cloak round him, put him in a grave there at the dead of night, and leave him.

Then Sir Ar-thur Wel-les-ley was sent out to Spain. In three years' time he drove the French



DEATH OF NEL-SON.

from that land and gave chase to them and won the fight of Tou-louse on their own soil. This war was known as the Pe-nin-su-lar War. Sir Ar-thur Wel-les-ley was made Duke of Wel-ling-ton. By



WEL-LING-TON.

time all the lands of Eu-rope rose to fight Na-po-le-on, and at last they made him give up all he had won, and they brought back the king, Lou-is XVIII., and Na-po-le-on was sent to El-ba, a small isle in the sea. But the next year he got back to France, where the troops were glad to see him. King Lou-is had to fly, and Na-po-le-on was soon at the head

of a large force. En-gland and Prus-sia made haste to meet him, with Blu-cher and Wel-ling-ton to lead their troops. They met him on the field of Wa-ter-loo, in Bel-gium, and beat him so that he fled. He did not get off though, but fell in



BAT-TLE OF WA-TER-LOO.

the hands of his foes, and at last was sent to a lone isle in the At-lan-tic by the name of St. Hel-e-na. There he was kept for five years, when death set him free.

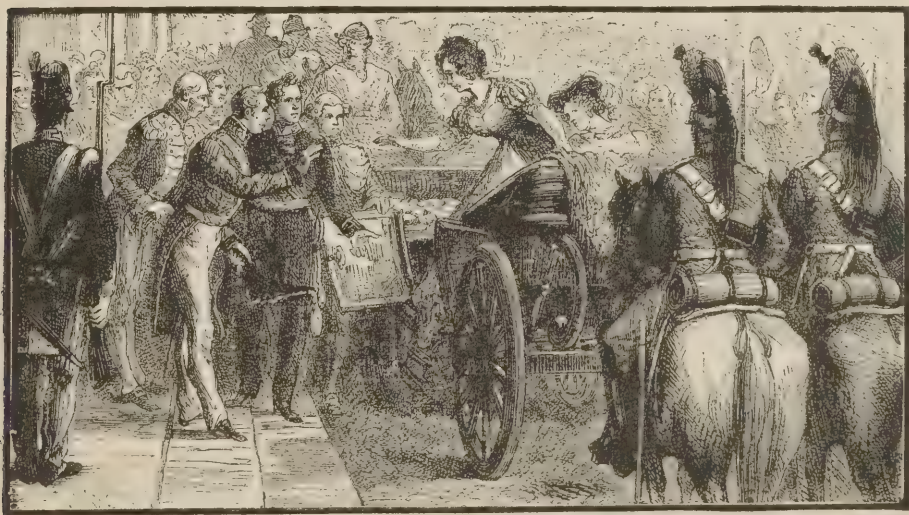
Eu-rope was at peace once more, but the blind old king knew naught of it. More than one change took place in the reign of George III. En-gland had grown in wealth. Mails were sent in more swift ways on smooth, fine roads, and news was spread through the land each day. Books for the young first came out in this reign. Wal-ter Scott wrote his great tales, and there were three men who wrote verse then, which we read to this day. Their names are Words-worth, South-ey, and Cole-ridge. Men left off wigs and wore their own hair short and in curls. They wore blue coats and buff vests, and had tight stocks on their necks, and great shirt-frills in their breasts. The dames had their gowns made short in the waist, and the skirts were plain and scant, but the sleeves were of a great size. They wore their hair in short curls low on the brows, and had hats with high crowns and large fronts. The death of George III. came in 1820.

There was no lack of heirs to the throne, for he had nine boys and six girls, whom he strove, with the aid of his good Queen, to bring up in the right way. There have been few kings so fond of home life as this king.

CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGE IV.

GEORGE IV. was quite an old man when he came to the throne. He had been made to take Princess Car-o-line of Bruns-wick for his wife, and he



QUEEN CAR-O-LINE AT WEST-MIN-STER.

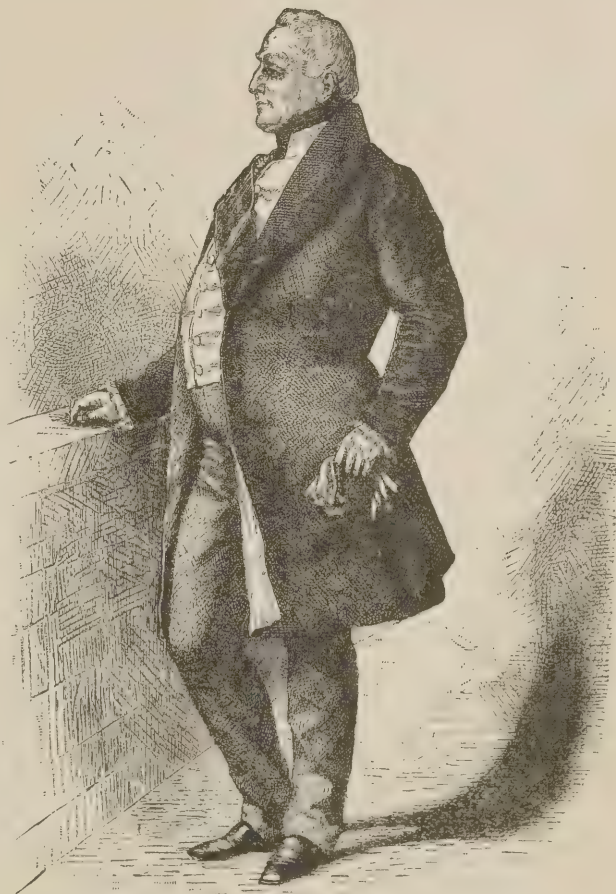
could not bear her, so they did not live in the same house. They had had one child, Char-lotte, a good, bright girl, and all the hope of the land was set on her. She was wed to Prince Le-o-pold of Sax-on-y,

but death took her in the bloom of her youth, to the great grief of the whole land. George IV. would not have his wife with him when he took the crown. He said she was not fit to be queen, and he sought to get rid of her. There were those who took up her cause, and so there was strife at once. When the king went to have the crown put on his head, in the midst of all the pomp the queen drove up to take her place at his side, but she was kept back and she had to go to her home. This made her fret and pine till death put an end to her woes. Both the king and queen were no doubt to blame, but George had such a hate for his wife that when Na-po-le-on was dead and some one told him that his worst foe was gone, he said at once: "When did *she* die?"

The health of George IV. was not good, and he spent most of his time in a house he had built, or in drives in the park at Wind-sor. He had to let a bill pass for the Ro-man Cath-o-lics to sit in Par-li-a-ment, and he did not like that, but this was an age of change. Steam had been brought in and made to move ships, and to lend its aid to those who wove cloth and to crush ore. And as we must have fire for steam, there were great coal works set up in the north of En-gland, and men went in crowds to dig up the coal, so great towns grew up there.

George IV. had no child to take the throne, so it came to the next in blood, Wil-liam, Duke of Clarence, the third son of George III. He was a dull man, but good and kind, and Queen Ad-e-laide won the love of all. They had lost their two babes long since, and all knew that the next heir must be the Princess Vic-to-ri-a, the child of Ed-ward, Duke of Kent.

King Wil-liam had shown that he was a friend of the Whigs, and at this time they sought to make a great change, to go as they said to the root of things, and get more rights for the folks. The Duke of Wel-ling-ton, who was as



WIL-LIAM THE FOURTH.

great in peace as he was in war, strove to have time to weigh things well, but these men would not wait. The poor thought that if the king gave them the new right they would grow rich all at once ; so they were in a rage that all was not done at once, and went through the land in bands to burn hay ricks and stacks of corn. They thought no more of Wellington's great deeds, but set out to pelt him with stones as he rode by. But his calm, cool ways held them in check, and no one cast a stone. You see he was at the head of things and they thought he would not let the king help them. So he left his place and the Whigs put one of their men in, and an Act of Par-li-a-ment, known as the Re-form Bill, was made to set things to rights. By this all men who could rent a house in a town had a vote as to who should go to Par-li-a-ment. The best thing done in this reign was that the slaves were set free in the West In-dies. In those days ships would go to Af-ri-ca and the crews would steal or buy black men and their wives and young ones, and bring them to the West In-dies to work for them. An En-glish-man, Wil-liam Wil-ber-force, had sought for half his life to break up the slave trade, and in 1834 all the slaves in these Isles were set free.

King Wil-liam's reign was but short, and there



WEL-LING-TON AND THE MOB.

were no wars in it. But rail-ways were made and steam drew the cars on them for the first time, from Liv-er-pool to Man-ches-ter, in 1830. It did so well that more were built, and in time the whole land had a net-work of rails laid on it, and goods and folks could go with speed from place to place. In this reign men went forth from En-gland to make homes in Aus-tra-lia and Can-a-da. At Wil-liam's death the En-glish lost the Ger-man state of Han-o-ver, which must be held in the male line, so it could not go to Vic-to-ri-a.



HOUSES OF PAR-LIA-MENT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VIC-TO-RI-A.

THE Prin-cess Vic-to-ri-a was but a young girl when the crown came to her, and in three years she was wed to the Prince Al-bert of Co-burg, a man who did his best to help her in her reign. He had a fine mind and a clear head, and all felt that he was one whom men could trust. Though he kept in the back ground, he was strong. He took much pains to help all arts and trades, and to do this he had what is known as a World's Fair. To this could be sent things from all lands, and the En-glish could see these works and get good hints from them. The house in which this fair was held on the 1st of May, 1851, was built of glass, and was a fine sight. It was known as the Crys-tal Pal-ace. There have been great fairs since, but none so fine as that.

A year from that time a war broke out in Eu-rope. The Turks had grown weak, and found it hard to keep peace in their land. Rus-sia saw this, and thought it a good time to reach out a strong hand and take Tur-key. But France and

En-gland thought Rus-sia would be too strong if she had all the land down to the Med-it-er-ra-ne-an Sea, so they set out to help the Turks. They thought the best way to do this was to fight the Rus-sians on their own soil at the Cri-me-a. So in 1854 the En-glish and French went to the Cri-me-a and won at once in what is known as the fight of the Al-ma. They went on to lay siege to the town of Se-bas-to-pol. It was a long siege, and the troops had a hard time from the cold and damp, so that hosts of them grew ill. A kind En-glish dame went out to nurse the sick, and she and those with her did much good. Her name was Flor-ence Night-in-gale. The siege of Se-bas-to-pol did not end for twelve months, for the Rus-sians made a brave stand to keep it. There were two great fights. In one of these the troops were sent in the face of the Rus-sian fire, and rode, as one has sung of them in verse,

“In-to the jaws of death,”

though they saw the shot mow down all like a scythe. Then it was found out at last that they should not have been sent there at all. That is known as the charge of Bal-ak-la-va. The Rus-sians crept out late one night to take the En-glish by storm, and there was a fierce fight on the heights of In-ker-man. But at last the En-glish won. Lord Rag-



QUEEN VIC-TO-RI-A.

lan, who led the En-GLISH, did not live to see the town of Se-bas-to-pol won, nor did the Em-per-or of Rus-sia see the end of the war. His son made peace, and said Se-bas-to-pol should not be kept as a fort, that he would leave Tur-key free, and keep no fleet in the Black Sea.

At this time the strange force that Ben-jamin Frank-lin had drawn down with his kite had been made to fly on wires and take news to all parts of the land with the speed of a flash of light. You see these wires now on poles in all parts. Peace came then to En-GLAND, but it did not last long. The En-GLISH who had gone to live in In-dia had grown rich and got more and more land, and some of them held high rank there. The En-GLISH troops there had some of the sons of the land in their ranks who had learnt to fight in En-GLISH style. These men were known as Se-poys. They were not Chris-tians, but held a strange faith, which taught them all sorts of queer things. Part of their creed made them think it a sin to kill a cow or touch the beef.

There came out at this time a new sort of charge for the guns, and the Se-poys chose to think there was cow's grease in it, and that it was a trick of the En-GLISH to make them break the rules of their faith and turn Chris-tians. They laid a deep plot and all at once in all parts of In-dia they rose and

shot the En-*g*-lish, and then went and slew their wives and babes. Some few were hid by friends and got off. Then the Se-p*o*ys went to Del-hi and put to death all the En-*g*-lish left there, and set up as king an old man who had once worn their crown.

The En-*g*-lish troops in Ben-*g*-al made haste to help their friends who were shut in town in a state of siege. At Cawn-pore there was a strong place that had a mud wall round it, and here some of the En-*g*-lish were kept shut up with no food. If one went out for a drink he was shot at once. You may guess what they had to bear. There was an In-*d*-ian Prince by the name of Na-na Sa-hib whom they had thought their friend. But he was their worst foe. When they could bear their pangs no more, they gave up to Na-na and he slew them all. The men were shot the first day. Then he kept the wives and the boys and girls for one night, but when he heard the En-*g*-lish troops were near, in his rage he sent in men to kill them all, and they were thrown in a mass down a deep well. The En-*g*-lish came the next day—too late! They could not get hold of Na-na, but the rest of the Se-p*o*ys had to pay for this great crime. The En-*g*-lish in the city of Luck-now were in a state of siege, but the troops went first to Del-hi, blew up the gates of the town

and took the old king. More troops were sent out from En-gland to help them and they took up their march to Luck-now. There week by week the poor men with their wives and babes had held out while the shot fell on all sides and the food was so poor and scant that some fell sick and the babes could not get well. Sir Co-lin Camp-bell, who had been sent out from En-gland, came to save them at last. The Se-poy-s were put down in all parts of the land and there was peace once more. In 1860 the queen and all En-gland had a sad loss in the death of the good Prince Al-bert. All the land were his friends and his death was felt as a great blow by all. He had done much for the growth of the land, and the En-GLISH felt his worth when he was gone. The Prin-cess Roy-al was wed to the Prince of Prus-sia.

The Prince of Wales took for his wife the fair young Prin-cess A-lex-an-dra, the child of the king of Den-mark. The prince met her on board ship in the mouth of the Thames, and there was great joy through the land, and fires were lit on each hill and towns were a-blaze with light. The Prin-cess won all hearts at once and has kept her place in the love of the En-GLISH from that day.

There is one part of Af-ri-ca south of E-gypt known as A-bys-sin-i-a. The tribes who live there

had of late a king by the name of The-o-dore, who was not so dull as the rest, but sought to have Christ-ian men come and teach him and his folks. They came, but ere long the king for some cause threw them all in jail, and would not let them out, till at last Gen-er-al Na-pier took some troops and went to the place. The A-bys-sin-i-ans fled when the charge was made, and they found The-o-dore dead by one of the gates. En-gland did not keep A-bys-sin-i-a, but left it to its own kings who had been put off the throne by The-o-dore. The son of The-o-dore, a boy of five, was brought to Lon-don, but he could not bear the cold, so he was sent to a school in In-dia. He did not live to grow up.

In 1878-79 there was some fear of a war with Rus-sia, as the Rus-sians did not keep the terms of their peace. A fleet was sent out to the Turk-ish seas, and then Rus-sia gave up and said they would do as was thought best by the lands of Eu-rope. The Turks said if En-gland would help them keep their rights they would let En-GLISH-men see that the Christ-ians in their land did not meet with wrong. They gave En-gland the isle of Cy-prus for funds lent to them.

On the south-east coast of Af-ri-ca is a land known as Na-tal. There are En-GLISH there. The folks have the name of Kaf-firs. They are black,

but have much sense and are brave. The great tribe is the Zu-lus. They have had at times such fierce and hard kings that some left their homes and went to live on land held by the En-GLISH. At the west there is a great tract of land known as the Trans-vaal. The folks there are for the most part Dutch, and are known as Boers, which is the Dutch word for one who tills the ground. The Boers and the Kaf-firs had had fights, and crimes had been done on each side. The En-GLISH had spread so far that they thought they had the strength to take the Trans-vaal in En-GLISH rule. Some of the Boers and the folks thought this was not just, and the Zu-lu king, Cet-a-way-o, who had been a friend to En-GLAND, grew to be its foe, and put all in trim for a fight. Troops were sent by the En-GLISH, but they did not know how fierce and wild these tribes were. The Zu-lus found some way to lure a great part of the force out of the camp, and then slew them. But a few were left to tell the tale.

Cet-a-way-o lost such hosts of his men that he did not try to march in-to Na-tal. At last the En-GLISH won all in their way, and took Cet-a-way-o and sent him to Cape Town. They broke his land up in parts and gave them out to chiefs. The Kaf-firs who were in En-GLISH rule kept faith with En-GLAND, and did not join their own friends.

A sad thing came to pass in this war. The son of the Em-per-or Na-po-le-on the Third, who had been brought up in the En-glish school at Wool-wich, had a wish to share in the fight. He was a brave young man and rash, so he was put in charge of those more old and wise, and they were to see that he did not risk his life. They were set on by some Zu-lus who had been hid in the grass. The rest made out to ride off, but the prince was slain by the Zu-lus. His wounds made clear the fact that he had fought in a brave way till he fell. At this same time there was a war in a land north of In-dia known as Af-ghan-is-tan. Its prince, who has the name of A-meer, had some grudge at the En-glish, and would not have one sent to his court, but peace was made in 1879. The queen now has the name of Em-press of In-dia, and she has ten times the folks there that she has in En-gland and Wales. Some of the Dutch Boers had a wish that their land should be part of En-gland, but as soon as En-glish rule was felt they rose to fight for their rights. Some En-glish troops were set on at the steep hill of May-a-da, and the Boers, who are good shots, slew most of them. In the mean time En-gland made up its mind to leave the Boers to rule their own land.

In time the En-glish put Cet-a-way-o on his

throne once more. In 1882 there was in E-gypt some who did not choose that En-gland and France should have so much to say in their land, and they rose and slew the En-english in A-lex-an-dri-a. Ar-a-bi Pa-shaw led these men, and the Khe-dive, who was the real head of the land, had to call on En-gland to help him. They sent troops and took A-lex-an-dri-a, and the mob was put to rout at Tel-el-Kebir and A-ra-bi Pa-shaw fell in the hands of the En-english. The court that was set to try him said he should be put to death, but the En-english made up their minds to spare his life, and he was sent to live in Cey-lon.

In this year, 1884, an Ar-ab by the name of El Mah-di seeks, like a new Ma-hom-et, to drive out all the En-english in his way. He is known as the False Proph-et. Gen-er-al Gor-don has been sent to take charge of the En-english troops. He said: "I come not to fight but to help you, and God is with me." The Sheiks sent back word: "If you are with God, then you are with us, for God is with us." Gen-er-al Gor-don has found that kind words will not do, and that there must be more war. This brings us down to these times. Others will tell what shall be, in the days to come, of fame or glory for En-gland.

THE END.

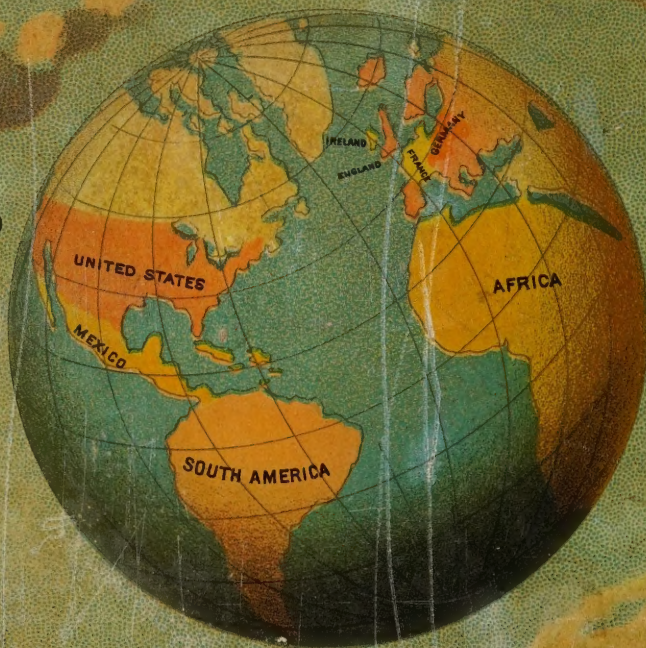
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